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JOHN BULL

Vol. LXXV., No. 933. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1924. TWOPENCE

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

WIN A 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY
See page 31

Shocking The "MORNING POST"

BY

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

IT IS GOOD TO KNOW

that Beecham's Pills never fail to have a beneficial effect. Disorders and affections due to functional irregularities of the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys are speedily corrected by a course of this world-famous medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

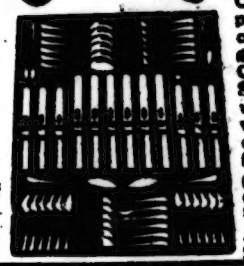
cleanse and brace up the stomach, liver and bowels and, by improving the appetite and digestion, produce a tonic effect upon the whole system. They are simple, safe, speedy and give relief at once to the sufferer from constipation, biliousness, sick headache, pains after eating and lack of appetite Beecham's Pills have for years been the one and only household medicine in thousands of homes. You can depend upon them. They do not vary. They are mild in action and in every way

ARE AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE.

GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY

SAVES TIME, LABOUR & MONEY

GRAVES



It banishes for evermore the daily drudgery of Knife-Cleaning.

Complete service of 48 pieces, £2:5:0 (without case). Ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons & Forks which wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, 5/- monthly.

5/ now

CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c. Post Free J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

MY LUCK'S IN!

says Every Ju-Ju Wearer.

It's hardly credible—the astonishing way your luck improves as soon as you possess a Ju-Ju famous Nigerian Mascot. Read these letters:—

"I have been lucky ever since." M. R., Newcastle.

"I only wish I had one sooner." C. G., Manchester.

"It changed my luck straight away." J. S., Leeds.

"In a few days my luck started." M. S., Brighton.

"Please send six more." H.

These are typical of thousands who have said "good-bye" to ill-luck since wearing a Ju-Ju Charm.

Sterling Silver, 5s. | Post
9ct. Gold, £1 | free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Waterloo Road, Bournemouth.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 E.G.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

BAD LEGS

Varicose Veins, etc., CURED

Treatment on Approval

FREE OF ALL CHARGE

INSTANT RELIEF GUARANTEED. Call or write for full particulars, Booklet "B," sworn testimonials and Medical press opinions. *Consultations free.*

Le BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO. LTD.

Dept. V.T.) 16, Shrieve's St., Piccadilly, London.
Birmingham Office: 90, Worcester Street.

GRAVES

SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

Finest Value in the World.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

£200
Towards a fresh start

Laundry Cottage, Amesbury.

"I cannot express in writing how thankful I am to receive your generous award of £200 free insurance. It is such a great help and will enable me to do so much more to replace the beautiful little home I lost in the disastrous fire."

(Signed) H. HARBOUR.

In the nick of time

11, *York Street, Rothes, Morayshire.*

"I tender my grateful thanks for cheque, £115, in settlement of Fire Claim. The fact that I became a registered reader only a fortnight ago before disaster overtook my home proves that everyone should insure without delay."

(Signed) JOHN FINDLAY.

Foiling the Fire Fiend!

THAT beautiful little home of yours on which you have lavished so much labour and love, have you considered the consequences if it were to become a prey to the flames? Could you restore the blackened shell into something like the old home again, or would financial ruin complete the catastrophe? Wouldn't you sleep easier in the thought that if Fire should come, "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift stands ready to compensate you against loss? It may mean hundreds of pounds to you to sign the forms. Do it now and foil the fire fiend.

A few only of the readers who benefit this week on account of Fire.

BLACKHEATH, BIRMINGHAM.—J. H. ALLEN, c/o Pearce's Cafe, Long Lane.

UPPER WESTON, BATH.—S. E. SMITH, 32, High Street.

EARNOCK, HAMILTON.—JAS. GRAHAM, Wellbrae Cottage, Malkin.

SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.—R. BUNTON, 4/91, Brunswick Road.

HULME, MANCHESTER.—MRS. C. G. BENNETT, 290, Chester Road.

SWANSEA.—N. ROBLIN, Brynsithyn, Lower Cwmtwrch.

EARLSDON, COVENTRY.—Mrs. M. A. J. CORDERY, 34, Warwick Street.

SCUNTHORPE, LINCS.—GEO. RAINER, 18, Redbourne Street, Frodingham.

LISTERHILLS, BRADFORD.—J. W. MURGRAVE, 21, Archibald Street.

BULWELL, NOTTINGHAM.—W. J. JOHNS, 44, Keys Street.

LEVEN, FIFE.—MATTHEW BEARD, 4, Mount Darnall, Maitland Street.

HULL.—J. OWEN, 5, East Dock Terrace, Lee Smith Street, Hedon Road.

GILLYGOOLEY, OMAGH.—Mrs. E. A. HOULSTON, Dunwich House.

HARLESDEN, N.W.—Mr. E. T. GRAY, 34, Station Road.

FULHAM, S.W. 6.—Mr. G. FOOKS, 33, Hannell Road.

CLYDEBANK, GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. MCLACHLAN, 6, Belmont Street.

SALFORD, MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. JENVEY, 11, West Thompson Street, Liverpool Street, Oldfield Road.

PONT-LLIW, GLAM.—Mr. W. BOSWELL, 6, Back Terrace.

BY ALLOA, SCOTLAND.—Mr. J. FYALL, 18, Bowhouse Square, The Hutts.

TIPTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 25, Castle Street.

TONYPANDY, GLAM.—Mr. W. GASKOLD, 109, Primrose Street.

METHIL, FIFE.—Mr. R. SMITH, 14, Cowley Street, Denbeath.

SLOUGH, BUCKS.—Mrs. A. M. MILLS, 66, Diamond Road.

GRAHAM HARBOUR, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. G. SINCLAIRSON, 25, Br. North Terrace.

ST. HELENS, LANCS.—JAMES CUNLIFFE, 168, Parr Stocks Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Many other benefits paid this week on account of Storm, Sickness, Accident, Sport, etc.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 24/5/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

J.B. 24/5/24.

SEND NO MONEY.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C. 2. Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and the FREE Gift of a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. If I keep same, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

State if hard—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." ..... J.B. 24.5.24.

"Worth Four Times the Price"

writes J. Brooks, 36, Olinda Road, Stamford Hill, N.16: *"I received the pens quite safely. My friends and myself are very pleased with them. They are worth four times the price."*

And when you consider we include a

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

YOU HAVE A BARGAIN INDEED!

FREE!

Seeing is believing. First see this bargain before parting with any money. Examine the Pen with its 14-ct. solid gold nib. Compare with others costing 7/6. Every Pen guaranteed for two years.

WILLS'S CELEBRATED

GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

W.51.

The lather that never dries

Every man who keeps his razors in order is sure of a good shave provided he uses the right soap. The wise man insists on Vinolia because the lather works up instantly; it "stays up"; it does not dry up, even if you have to pause to restrop. The lather is rich and creamy to the end.

There is also a remarkable feeling of freshness after using Vinolia. It leaves the skin clean and comfortable for the entire day.

Vinolia
SHAVING SOAP

Soothes the skin—makes the razor glide

In aluminium cases 1/3
Refills - - - 1/-
Cream, in tubes - 1/6

BRITISH MADE
BRITISH OWNED

RV 2460—24 VINOLIA CO. LTD. LONDON

DIPHTHERIA
WHOOPING COUGH
TONSILITIS
SORE THROAT

AT very first complaint of pain in throat mix one tablespoonful of 'Yadil' with three of honey (bought from your chemist to ensure purity). Add the juice of one lemon. Mix well. Give one teaspoonful of this mixture every ten minutes for two hours, then every half hour for the rest of the day. Next day once every hour. All symptoms will disappear in less than a day. The trouble, whether whooping-cough, diphtheria, tonsilitis, or merely sore throat, will have been nipped in the bud.

CUTS, WOUNDS,
BURNS, SCALDS,
SORES, ETC.

BATHE cuts, wounds, sores with three teaspoonsful of 'Yadil' Antiseptic in half a pint of hot water, then bandage with clean linen smeared thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. One such dressing will rapidly heal ordinary wounds, etc., and prevent them becoming septic. To burns and scalds apply pure 'Yadil' immediately, then smear thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. Pain ceases at once, no blisters will form, and all trace of the accident disappears in a few hours.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by Clement & Johnson Research Medical Chemists,
19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the Voice), per tin 1/-	
Lubricant (for the Skin)				2 oz. 1/6
Powder (for the Toilet)				per tin 1/6

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3s. for extra postage and packing. Excess money will be refunded.

The word 'Yadil' is registered. W.B.P.

Pronounce it YAH—DIL.

a man's Spring Outfit for 22/6

(Carriage Paid)

Remarkable New Season's Offer by CURZON'S

A MAN'S SPORTS JACKET and a pair of **FLANNEL TROUSERS** Complete for **22/6** (Carriage Paid).

or separately the Jacket 13/9; the Trousers 10/- (Carriage Paid).

This fine SPORTS COAT is made from All-Wool Irish and Yorkshire Tweeds. A jacket which has proved itself so useful and economical that no man should be without one. It is a sensible sort of garment, too. Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear, for games, sports, and dressy for every occasion. Never out of place. Made in Greys, Fawns, and Drab shades, and is more than wonderful value at the price .. .. .. **13/9** Carriage paid.

When ordering state your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat).

These FLANNEL TROUSERS are made of real good quality Flannel, in a nice medium plain grey shade. We guarantee that these trousers are not only smart, but will wear well, and are fully equal to those sold at a guinea by the ordinary outfitter. They are cut and tailored in our own factory, and we sell them practically at cost in order to advertise our general suit and outfitting business.

Price **10/-** per pair (carriage paid).

When ordering give size round waist and inside leg measure.

Another Coat FREE—is yours for the asking—if you can *possibly* get wet in our (Regd.) "CEBEDENE" Coat.

THE "CEBEDENE" (Regd.) Trench Coat is guaranteed absolutely waterproof, all seams being sewn and covered. In Fawn or Navy Blue, checked rubber lined, **with detachable wool lining.** This lining can be removed in the warmer weather, thus making the garment an "All the year round coat." Every coat bears the "Cebedene" label, without which no garment is genuine. The most perfect rain-resisting coat on the market. Stylishly cut and well tailored ... CURZON'S PRICE (*Fawn or Navy*) (Carriage Paid) **25/6**

When ordering please give your height and measurement round chest (taken over waistcoat).

No patterns of any of the above lines can be sent out, but ALL CURZON goods are sold under the guarantee of money back if not to your entire satisfaction.

ORDERS BY POST TO BE SENT TO

CURZON BROS LTD

THE FAMOUS LONDON TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS.

Head Depot: 36-38, New Bridge Street, LONDON, E.C.4

"All the World knows it's Curzon's for Clothes."

Protect Baby's Skin

from rashes, ringworm eczema, impetigo, and all tenderness and chafing.

Mr. Harold Smith's Testimony.

Mr. Harold Smith, of 203, Gloucester Road, Croydon, writes: "My son, aged two, who was born in Cologne, where I was serving in the Royal Corps of Signals, suffered from a rash from the time of his landing in England until two months ago. I tried all sorts of medicines and took advice and treatment, but without success. Then I tried Germolene, and also gave the baby Germolets, and used Germolene Aseptic Soap. Very quickly he ceased to fret, the irritation stopped, and now his skin is free from any sign of rash. Germolene has saved myself and my wife a lot of worry and expense. I used only two small boxes of ointment and two cartons of the tablets to effect a cure."

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-.
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

GRAVES

FINEST GRAMO-PHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x14x7¾in). Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box. Price: £3 : 10 : 0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- Money back if disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW

THE 'BOLTON'

Direct from Factory

No 31. Great reduction in price. Beautifully upholstered and painted Durable and strong, yet light to handle. For child lying down or sitting up. Send for Free Catalogue "J."

REDUCED to **£2.17.6**

Carriage paid on approval.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 406, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8.

60, Merton Rd., Imperial Parade, Wimbledon, S.W. 47, Dartmouth Rd., Forest Hill, S.E., and 210 Holloway Rd. N.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Far superior to leather Soles."

8/- A MONTH

The charm of being well dressed is now within your reach, here we offer you on easy terms this fashionable costume for 8/- monthly. The "Malba," as illustrated, is a high class Costume, Tailormade in good quality Gabardine, handsomely embroidered with silk stitching on bosque and sleeves, long roll collar, etc. Tailormade throughout in Navy, Nigger, Mole and Black. Price 56/6 cash, or 63/- easy terms, 8/- now and 8/- monthly. Send 8/- and say which colour we shall send you. For those who prefer a KNITTED COSTUME we illustrate our No 21007, a charming design for summer or holiday wear, good quality, with long roll collar and cuffs in Oriental shades. Colours: Grey, Beaver, Saxe and Cream. Price 40/6 cash or 45/- easy terms, 5/6 now and 5/6 monthly. For those who require a COATFROCK, we illustrate our No. 5403, Tailormade in ALL WOOL Serge, round neck braided and fancy stitched on front and back, a very smart garment in Navy, Nigger, Grey and Black. Price 29/6 cash or 32/6 easy terms. 4/6 deposit and 4/6 monthly. Send deposit to-day and say which one we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

MASTERS 83, HOPE STORES, RYE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

HOW TO START BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest wholesale warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots, and Clothing. Best House for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List.—S. MENDEL (Dept. B.), 65, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

DRAPERS and Market Men.—Cheap lines, great variety for Whitsuntide. Trade Lists from Chew & Co., Roger St. Warehouse, Manchester. (Wholesale.)

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc; cash or credit; good comm.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

GOOD SIDE-LINE offered to right men who call on stationers, etc.—Stub, 15, Westbourne Arcade, Bournemouth.

SOLE AGENTS WANTED.—Rapid selling Household Cleaning Preparations. Every assistance given. — Sunbeam Manufacturing Co., Curzon Place, Nottingham.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DO THESE JOBS TEMPT YOU?

A THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR (two men); £800 a year; £650 a year; £8 a week; £7 to £10 a week (six men); £500 to £800 a year (seven men); £500 a year; £400 a year; £7 a week. These are some of the salaries that Wallace Attwood Trained Salesmen are now earning, as reported to the College recently. Mr. Wallace Attwood has found over one thousand positions for salesmen whom he has trained during the last three years. A Trained Salesman never has to ASK for higher pay. His employers are eager to pay him every pound he is worth. If you want to train during your spare time and in six months as a Salesman or Commercial Traveller under one of Britain's Leading Teachers of Scientific Salesmanship and secure a position in any part of the country when you have completed the Course, apply immediately for an interesting free book, "The Profession of Salesmanship."—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 287, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BECOME a Motor-car Salesman and earn £8 to £20 weekly. An outdoor profession in which there is never unemployment. You can train yourself by correspondence in spare time.—Write, School of Motor Salesmanship, 79, Davies Street, London, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

A TROUSER PRESS FOR 7/6 and nothing more to pay! This press, "The Climax," has nickel fittings, is made to last, and British made, too. The firm who make it is The London Road Manufacturing Co., of Staines, Middx. (Examined by a representative of *John Bull* and sold under the conditions of the J.B. Advertisement Guarantee of satisfaction or money back.) Post your order TO-DAY.

FASCINATING EGYPT.—Write the I.C.A., 2,077, Sandooq Bosta, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters or p.c.s 1½d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

FACTORY PRICES SAVE POUNDS.—Send a postcard to H. SAMUEL for his BIG FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, and see what you save by buying at Factory Prices. Gent's Nickel Pocket Watch, Jewelled movement, 7/6; Plated Butter Dish, 5/9. THOUSANDS OF OTHER BARGAINS. Write now.—H. SAMUEL, LTD. (established over half a century), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WRITE for samples of Cloth, Costume or Suit; also Boots, Watches, etc.; easy terms, from 4s. monthly. List free.—Masters, Ltd., RYE.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 283-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS, DON'T MISS IT.—Our Monster Shopping Guide, 168 pages. Hundreds of illustrations, thousands of truly stunning bargains. Secure it immediately. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE.—Cycles from £3/17/6. Easy payments, 2/3 weekly. Tyres, 3/11. Chains 2/3, Bells 6d., Half-crown Waterproof Caps, 4d. A revelation catalogue this. Postcard brings it free.—Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., 89, Winchester Works, Padham, Burnley.

PEARL NECKLET, 24 in., snap fastener, in case, 10/6. Agents wanted.—Harrald Co., 31, Eglantine Road, Wandsworth.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Exceptional bargains. Splendid quality Gent's Hemstitched, 16 in., all-linen, 4/- ½ doz. Better quality, 5/- ½ doz. Ladies' ditto, 11 in., 3/6 ½ doz. Better quality, 4/6 ½ doz. All-linen Hand Towels, damask ends, 22 x 40, 4/- each. All articles post free.—Bennetts, Dept. 11, Room 607, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIANS, Concertinas, Jazz Outfits, Mandolins, Banjos, Violins, Dulcitones, Autoharps. Lists.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free.—47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS.—Build your own Valve Set. Two-valve Set, with cabinet, all ready to assemble, £4 17s. 6d., 2/- weekly. Sets, 'Phones, Speakers, all easy payments.—WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD., WALMAN HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1.

WATCH MANUFACTURER'S RECORD BARGAIN OFFER

From Factory to Wearer

To 'JOHN BULL' READERS,

BUY DIRECT & SAVE POUNDS

SO CONFIDENT ARE WE OF THE GOODS WE MANUFACTURE THAT WE ARE PREPARED TO SEND THESE WATCHES ON APPROVAL WITHOUT DEPOSIT OR PAYMENT.

9ct SOLID GOLD — GUARANTEED ENGLISH HALL MARKED CASE

Specification: 9-ct. SOLID GOLD Govt. Hall-Marked Case (London made), Jewelled Movement ACTION. Perfect Timekeeper. Fitted with BLACK SILK MOIRE BAND, as illustrated, with plain or fancy dial. Fully guaranteed 10 years. Post free, 20/-.

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS ONLY 20/-

FITTED WITH SOLID GOLD Expanding BRACELET 12/- EXTRA ONLY 20/-

If fitted with 9-carat Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet that will expand to fit any size wrist 12/- extra. 32/- complete.

GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER 20/-

Open View showing Dust and Damp Proof Dome.

10 JEWELLED LEVER.

Specification—10 Jewelled Lever Movement Action. Perfect timekeeper. Finest Finished Gold Filled Case. Guaranteed 10 Years. Fitted with Dust and Damp Proof Dome as illustrated.

Guaranteed 10 years. Sent on Approval.

3 GUINEA VALUE FOR 20/-

See Coupon Below.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, PIN TO LETTER AND POST TO-DAY

.....COUPON No. J.B. 7. To WATTS SON & Co. .....

As a regular reader of JOHN BULL, and over the age of 21, please forward to the address below, at which I am a householder, goods according to my letter, on the distinct understanding that if I find same satisfactory, I will send remittance by return of post, and if I do not approve of the watch I will return it immediately.

Name .....

Address .....

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE CATALOGUE

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to certain circumstances, the Company will not undertake to send these goods to Minors, Letter Call or Post Office Addresses, and will only forward watches on approval to Householders whose names appear in the latest directory lists throughout Great Britain. Those readers who are unable to avail themselves of this offer may forward their order and cash under the JOHN BULL Guarantee. SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED.

WATTS SON & Co., (DEPT. J.B. 7) 327, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

SPECIAL BARGAIN in Opera or Field Glasses; powerful lens, telescopic adjustment; price 3/6 a pr., p.f. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Order now to G. James & Co., 37, Charles St., Hatton Garden, London.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for lists (L.) & particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homspuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

STOCKINGS, silk and wool, black, nigger, grey and fawn, with white speckles, 2/9 pair. Socks, same colours, 1/11 pair, post free. A bargain.—Reid, c/o Gray, 47, Victoria Road, Torry, Aberdeen.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

WHY WORRY?—Get Yroc, the Age-old Secret of an Italian Monastery. Amazing skin remedy. Never fails to cure Piles, Psoriasis, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores. Large tin, 1/3.—Yroc (F.A.), 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RELIABLE Rupture Remedy.—Do you want cheapest and best appliance made, guaranteed to hold your rupture under all strains, on trial terms? Cat. free.—Pope, 11, Canning Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing complaint in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 19, James St., Liverpool. Write for partics.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. J.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

RUPTURE TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—A certain cure, instant relief guaranteed. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, failure impossible. This new scientific discovery SENT ON TRIAL. Call, write or 'phone for sworn testimonials and booklet "A." — Le Brasseur Surgical Manuf. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 20, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office, 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NERVOUSNESS, BLUSHING.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately for 3d.—H. Rivers (J.B.13), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Wonderful Drugless Discovery restores Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Trial free. Write to-day.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

PATCHY BALDNESS.—Amazing and permanent cures effected by new secret remedy. No failures. Sufficient to cure, 1/9, p.f.—Booker, 15, Beech Rd., Wath-on-Dearne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

A BOOK ON HERBS.—How to blend, make and take them; sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

SPRING COSTUME 9/-

FOR

and balance by instalments of 11/- monthly.

Graceful Costume of all wool Gaberdine of soft French make. Panels of frills on each hip terminate in a band of Egyptian embroidery, which is also echoed on the collar. Low priced at 75/-. Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

All Goods sent on receipt of First Payment.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY,

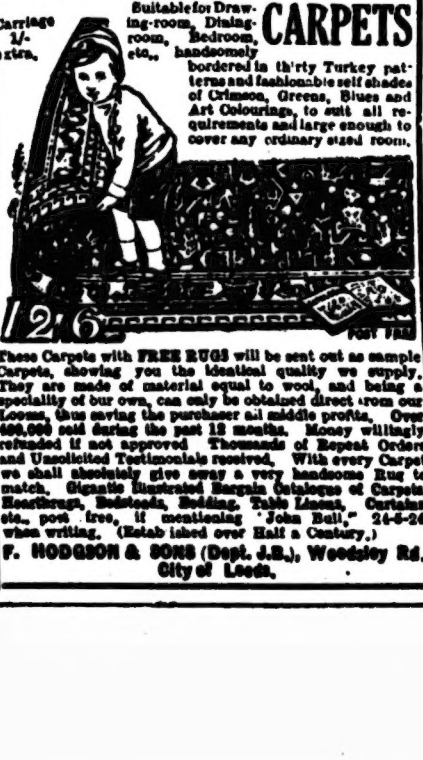
(Dept. J.B.) 26, Brown St MANCHESTER.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 24-5-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Bruscelett

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra.



Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

12/6 POST FREE

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 24-5-24, when writing. (Estab lished over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd. City of Leeds.

A Pearl Expert offers £1000 for a necklet of Ciro Pearls!

A lady who bought a necklet of Ciro Pearls last year wrote home recently from Perth, Western Australia:

"On the boat coming out I noticed a man looking hard at my Ciro Pearls for several days. At dinner one evening he told me he was connected with the Pearl Fisheries at Broome, and expressed his admiration of my necklet. I asked him what he thought my pearls were worth, and without hesitation he replied: 'Well, I'd willingly give £1,000 for them anyway.' I was too dumbfounded to answer at first, but afterwards had to tell him they were Ciro Pearls."

When you wear CIRO PEARLS even side by side with genuine pearls we have abundant evidence to prove that it is impossible to tell the difference. But to ensure the essential qualities of perfect reproductions of ocean gems *you must secure true CIRO PEARLS.* The only way to make certain of avoiding substitutes made by mass production methods is to buy from our own establishments, where only can CIRO PEARLS be obtained. We have no agents anywhere.

OUR GUARANTEE OFFER

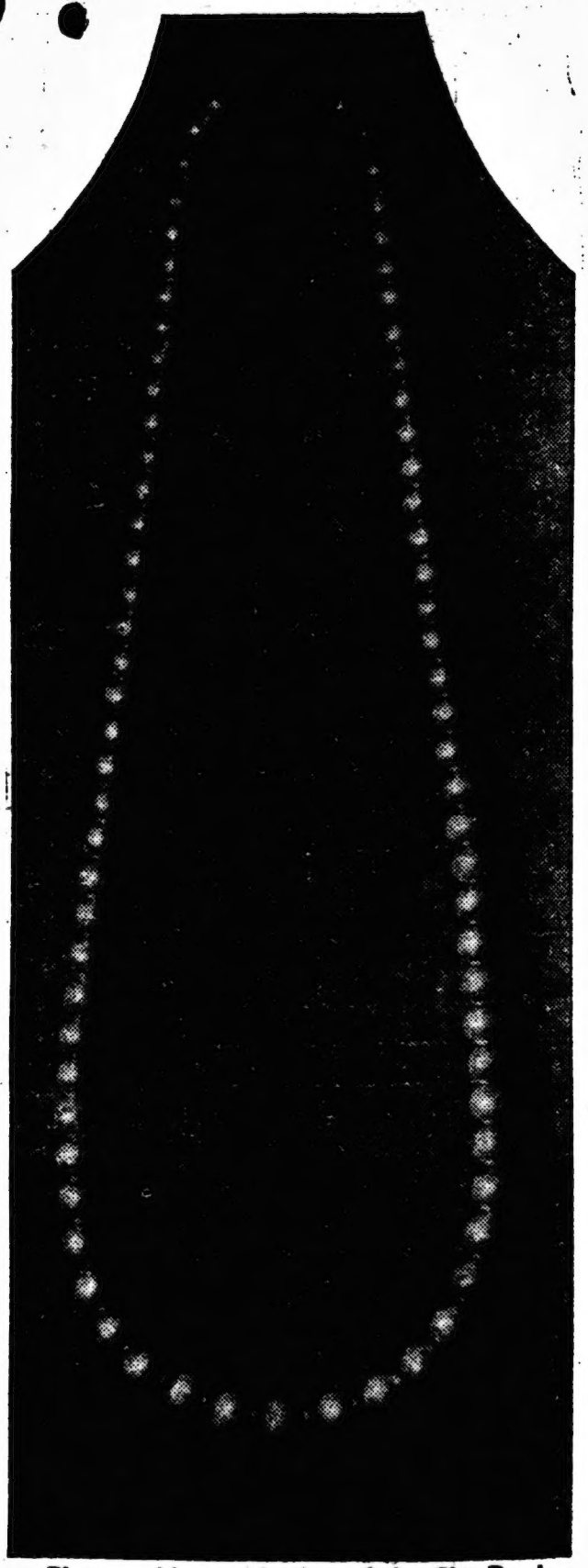
If you cannot visit our showrooms send us One Guinea, and we will post in a registered packet a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long with solid gold clasp in case. Keep them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return to us and we will refund your money in full.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PEARL BOOKLET No. 28 POST FREE ON REQUEST

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 28
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

AND BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, WEMBLEY
(Palace of Industry and West Quadrant, close to Main Entrance.)



Photographic reproduction of the Ciro Pearl necklet with the "Thousand Pound Look."

Vol. XXXV. No 938.
Week ending Saturday,
May 24, 1924, Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Hats off to France.

M. Poincaré—the most powerful influence in France for eleven years—has fallen at last, and Europe breathes a sigh of relief.

Blind Guides.

The Rothermere Press—blind as ever—sees no change in French policy resulting. The truth is, of course, that the fatal Ruhr policy is at an end.

The End in Sight.

The biggest obstacle to European peace removed, there is no reason why a just settlement should not be speedily arrived at. Not until that is done can trade really revive.

Once Bitten.

There is little doubt that Germany will accept the Dawes report. To reject it would pit her against the world. Even the Junkers will shrink from that.

A Warning.

Nevertheless they must not assume that with Poincaré's fall they are now at liberty to assume British support for any action they care to take.

Up to Them.

The Dawes report calls for specific deeds. Honest endeavour will be met by reciprocal honesty. More quibbling will meet with the fate it deserves. Germany's future is now in her own hands.

Theory *v.* Practice.

Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Ponsonby profess to believe in "open diplomacy"—yet the news that the Tangier Convention is ratified reaches us first from Morocco! Something must have gone wrong with the works.

Get on with It.

The anti-Russian campaign leaves us cold. The conference is in being, and it is clearly to British interest to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Dummy Delegates.

Our complaint is that the delegates appear unable to decide anything without telegraphic instructions from Moscow. Mr. MacDonald should ask the Soviet to send someone with power to act.

Timid Findings.

The Mines Inquiry has admitted the justice of the men's claims, but makes no suggestion as to how the money is to be obtained. No doubt the owners will say it is not there.

The Alternative.

Knowing what we do of the incredible waste and overlapping in the industry, we discount this argument in advance. And if the owners cannot run the mines successfully, the nation must do it for them.

Only Right.

That a minimum wage should be the first charge on the industry is bare justice. The country will tolerate no longer the underpayment in this most hazardous of all occupations.

Something Wrong.

Three million men involved in wages disputes is symptomatic of a diseased economic system. Such recurring crises call for a searching inquiry into their cause.

Get at the Facts.

There are plenty of academic theories about both cause and cure, but they remain theories. The Government might do worse than set up a Royal Commission to go fully into the whole matter.

Illusion and Reality.

Since the land is the source of all production, it is evident that such an enquiry should start there. The "cost of living" is merely an effect. That is why talk about it gets us nowhere.

Play Trumps!

Mr. Shinwell says he has no power to make the coal merchants disclose facts they wish to hide. Make them! What else is Parliament for?

Eliminate the Middleman.

There is no need for further investigation. The facts are known, and still more are guessed. Municipal coal depots would soon bring the profiteers to reason.

Leading Strings.

Magistrates continue to pour scorn on the illogical shop hours regulations. Their caustic comments contain much-needed advice would the Government but listen.

The Week's Best Joke.

According to the British Fascisti, there are 150,000 armed communists in London alone. To which the only correct reply is "Rats!"

Does the Cap Fit?

The Dean of Manchester wails that life is dull and drab. The truth is that life's all right: but there are far too many people who mistake their own pessimism for the common lot.

Hand in Hand.

While the British Empire Cancer Campaign is gathering money for research, it is plainly the duty of the Health Ministry to launch an educational campaign. Now, Mr. Wheatley!

Empty Cradles—and Purses.

The falling birth-rate is alarming ecclesiastical minds. When the bishops descend from the clouds and say practical things about mothers' pensions, we shall become interested.

Reform the Bureaucrats.

At long last America is showing a real desire to reform the notorious Ellis Island. But not even soft beds and a recreation park will avail unless overbearing officialdom is ousted.

Your Holiday!

£1,000 and thirty-six big

"BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES

must be won this week. *See page 31.*

Clearing Our Name.

The Anglo-American Liquor Convention, recently signed, is a victory over apparently insuperable obstacles for common-sense and good will.

Teaching the World.

It contains a lesson of world-wide application, for it demonstrates the superiority of conference over force in settling international difficulties. And wars have frequently arisen with less cause.

The Right Way.

The Government is preparing the way for an international conference on disarmament. The quicker it's held the better we shall be pleased.

Where's that Bill?

There is only one solution—the creation of a single traffic authority with power to act. In a multitude of councillors there is nothing but confusion.

Tell the People.

The obstructive tactics in the committee on the Rents Bill were rapidly bringing Parliamentary procedure into disrepute. A definite declaration of Government policy is the cure.

Still Starving.

The work of the British Legion is a reminder that the country's debt of honour to its ex-Service men is still largely unpaid. Political honour, like the "benefits" of war, is an empty sham.

Penurious Prospects.

The Bishop of Durham deplores the "intellectual penury" of candidates for holy orders. We deplore the penury of the stipends offered. And the one explains the other.

A Beginning.

Following our protest there are now a limited number of free seats at Wembley. Many hundreds more are needed to remedy such an obvious defect.

Unlabelled!

The exhibition of sweating at Wembley, as shown in the miserably inadequate wages paid to unorganised workers, merits drastic condemnation. Fifteen shillings a week is an insult to the Empire.

Prevention First.

An inquiry into the threatened building dispute should be held *now*. It is easier to avert a rupture than to heal one.

Tardy Justice.

The increase of small pre-war pensions is welcome, if belated, justice. The cost of living has been a cruel burden to these helpless people.

Stopping Infection.

The proposed abolition of "shuttle-kissing" in cotton mills is a long overdue reform. With it will go one of the most fruitful sources of tuberculosis.

In Season.

The Great Sweepstake Persecution is once more in full swing. When will Parliament abolish the stupid anomalies of this law and cease to bring contempt on British common-sense and fair play?

Her Good Turn.

So that a woman who sells toys outside Waterlow Park, on Highgate Hill, can get a meal in peace, a good sister takes over the stall for an hour a day—just one of those turns that keep alive the true spirit of human kindness!

The Luck of the Laundry.

If laundries make general the practice of increasing their income by rag-washing, public health will be seriously menaced. Several laundries in and around the Metropolis are already doing this, and the dread possibilities are appalling. The Ministry of Health or the Board of Trade should compel rag-washing to be carried on exclusively in separate works.

Your House Will Cost You More.

Mr. Wheatley's housing plans are not so much a carrot hung before the donkey's nose as a pretty toy-balloon easily pricked into nothingness by a wanton hand. And the hand is the hand of the Stock Brick Manufacturers, who have this week raised their schedule of prices of bricks by 4s. 6d. per thousand. Lime has also been raised in price, together with roofing tiles and slates. Wring the ring's neck, Mr. Wheatley.

Mother, how Awful!

Acting wisely, Filey electors should promptly sack the lot of the silly Puritan crank majority on the Town Council, who have decided to lock, bolt and bar the town's new hard tennis courts against Sunday play. Fortunately the dull-hearts cannot prevent the sun from shining nor the birds from singing. But they may pass bye-laws interfering with that Filey institution, Sunday courting—unless they are given the order of the boot.

Delayed in the Post.

It is a questionable reward that is given grudgingly: that is why the Postmaster-General need not feel proud of his generosity in "recognising" the gallantry at a Liverpool sub-post office. Thomas Loveday, the half-blind son of the post-mistress, was shot by a robber during a hold-up and died. The Postmaster-General has now awarded £70 to be divided between the Loveday family and Miss Heery, the assistant. Even this paltry sum becomes more paltry in view of the fact that the tragedy is a year old.

He Never Pays!

Through an error made by a telegraph operator, a Forest Gate reader consented to sell a houseful of furniture for £10 less than he intended. When he wrote to the G.P.O. asking for compensation for this serious loss, he received a politely worded letter of regret for "the unfortunate error," and a draft for 2s. 2d., the cost of sending the messages, with a reminder that the Postmaster-General is not liable for loss sustained by reason of any mistake or default in the transmission of a telegram. The P.M.G. runs a very one-sided business.

A Hint for the Home Office.

"It has cost me the loss of my wife. Why should this stuff be sold to kill people's minds and bodies?" The tragic cry of Mr. W. G. M. Way, of Lewisham, at the inquest on his wife, who killed herself with an overdose of chlorodyne, coupled with the statement of Dr. J. A. Currie, of Guy's Hospital, that the law regarding the sale of this drug is not strong enough, may wake up the Home Office to the growing danger of the chlorodyne habit. It usually requires a tragedy or so to make officialdom take notice.

Done Better Down Under.

The Mother Country might well take lessons from the Colonies in the punishment of foul defilers of youthful innocence. At Hamilton, New Zealand, Mr. Justice Stringer sentenced a moral pervert charged with seventy offences of revolting indecency to life imprisonment, and a flogging of ten strokes with the cat, describing him as "an unspeakable beast not fit to live on the earth." Magistrates in this country often express a similar opinion regarding such offences, but content themselves with inflicting a fine or a short term of imprisonment.

Lincoln Leniency.

Cruelty is cheap at Lincoln. One William Albert Swift caught a cat whose midnight harmony had disturbed his slumbers, and broke its leg with a hammer. For this piece of fiendishness the Lincoln Bench fined him 10s. with 5s. costs! We shall keep our eye on Lincoln's J.P.s.

Money in Match-making.

Last week there was a rush to obtain shares in the Swedish Match Company, an issue of 271,500 shares at £7 4s. being heavily over-subscribed. If more than £2,000,000 capital can be obtained so easily, we should think the profits in the match-making industry should be sufficient to supply an average of fifty matches in each box, which is more or less of a legend at present.

Bloodstained Roads.

Last year nearly 700 persons were killed in London street accidents, while there were 72,000 non-fatal accidents. In many cases these were due to reckless driving, and this, in its turn, is due to a loose law and benevolent-minded magistrates. Reckless driving should be made a penal offence, and the blood-red trail of drunken drivers should be washed from the road by the A.A. expelling them from membership.

The Female Touch.

Now that woman is securing equality with the so-called "superior" sex, we urge the necessity of securing the feminine voice in the administration of our prisons. To this end a woman should be appointed to the panel of Prison Commissioners. At present the Commissioners are being likened to a secret society: certainly the female aspect cannot secure true recognition without an undrestanding woman on the board. Why not Mrs. Bramwell Booth?

The Human Machine.

THE FIRST RULE.

By E. R. Thompson, M.A.

IF you know your Sherlock Holmes you will remember that he was a walking encyclopædia of crime. He had the details of a thousand cases at his finger-ends.

On the other hand he knew nothing of a score of subjects about which any ordinary man is well-informed.

There are any number of people like Sherlock Holmes.

A man who has a "poor" memory for details of his daily work will often display a phenomenal memory for cricket scores and averages.

A boy may remember nothing of what he is taught, but his memory for the details of his stamp album would almost put Datas to shame.

From Sherlock Holmes to the schoolboy the secret is the same.

One and all they remember those things in which they are vitally interested.

In a previous article I likened interest to a key that, rightly used, would unlock vast stores of latent energy, make attention and concentration automatic, and render easy the task of habit formation.

Interest and good memory are twins.

It is not only easy to remember things in which we are interested: it is remarkably difficult to forget them!

If you are pessimistic about your memory, just take stock of what Sherlock Holmes called your "brain-attic."

Somewhere you will find in it a store of facts that will amaze you by their number and persistence.

They may concern work, cricket, football, horses, but whatever they concern you will find that it is there that your interest lies.

I am often inclined to think that the whole secret of a happy and successful life lies in those two words "Be interested."

It is certainly the secret of good memory.

Carrying on our Crusade.

The police should watch the movements in the West End of a bogus cripple woman who, in the guise of a match-seller, passes "dope." They should also keep an eye on the erstwhile companions of "The New Dope Queen"—now in jail following on our exposure—who still meet in their usual haunts and talk insolently about JOHN BULL and the police.

Dignity or Impudence?

Evidently the Sheffield councillors feel that they are not getting enough value for their money—or the ratepayers' money. One complains that he has passed along unknown in the past and wants to be recognised by the public in future. So he, with others who want "status," are to ride on the Corporation trams free of charge. Won't the ratepayers be pleased!

Home, Sweet Home.

At Bonsall, in Derbyshire, the poor do not live in cottages; they die in them. This is the risk they run when they have to tenant such houses as one inhabited house reported by the M.O.H. as liable to collapse instantly, the roof already giving way and the ceiling liable to drop, while there are no drains and the floor is unsatisfactory. Only fit for heroes to live in.

The Doctor's Bill.

We applaud the decision of Judge Harington in ordering Dr. W. Savory, of Stratford, to pay £11 10s. funeral expenses of Cyril Fitzgerald, eight, of Clapham. The boy came out of hospital where he had had scarlet fever, and though Dr. Savory saw him three times he failed to diagnose diphtheria, from which the child died. The father said he wants to compel medical men to take every precautionary measure with patients—a sentiment with which we heartily agree.

Oh, those Magistrates!

A surly brute is John Devlin, of Airdrie. When a barmaid in a Bo'ness hotel declined to supply him, he tore a glass door off its hinges. Then, in search of further trouble he set out on the road for Linlithgow and entered a lonely shop by the wayside, where he so frightened the young girl behind the counter by his threats that she became hysterical. She gave him a few coppers, and even then he threatened to throttle her. Yet the fine was only £1 for each display of violence!

Entombed in Kinema.

We have long suspected that theatre and kinema attendants do not give sufficient attention when closing the building for the night. In a Glasgow kinema the body of a young man has been found. He attended the night performance, fell asleep and was locked in. On awakening he tried to climb a ladder leading to the roof, fell and fatally injured himself. Emergency exits, capable of being opened from within, should be provided.

Black Diamonds.

During the year ended in February, the Lothian Coal Company, which owns black diamond mines near Edinburgh, made profits of £172,498, against £98,787 for the previous year, and declared a dividend of 30 per cent., free of tax, on the ordinary shares, compared with 20 per cent., free of tax, for 1922-23. The company also set aside £20,000 towards a pension fund for the staff, and carried forward a credit balance of over £40,000, which is nearly £10,000 more than last year. Very interesting for the poor coal consumer.

A Free Trousseau.

When a building consisting of two shops and a dwelling-house known as "Iona," Croyard Road, Beauly, Inverness-shire, was completely gutted by fire, it seemed as though a terrible calamity had befallen Miss Cathie M. Ross, who was employed as a maid there, for she had recently spent most of her savings upon a complete outfit of clothing and arranged to sail shortly for Canada. She was fearing that she would have to cancel her passage when she recollected that she was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and under our Free Gift Insurance Scheme she received a substantial cheque which enabled her to replace her trousseau and she has now sailed happily away.

One Less!

The Shendon Supply Co., Holford, Stratford-on-Avon, is out of business. Mabel Webb, its head, is being provided by the State with board and lodgings for a time, and she has, therefore, retired from long firm swindling. Her business methods were to obtain clothing, boots, toys and fancy goods, and immediately realise. Mabel is a dangerous, notorious woman, and a member of a family of long firm swindlers.

David's Dirty Trick.

Going forward to the girl at the cash desk of an Edinburgh restaurant, David Phillips asked if she could give a pound note in exchange for two ten-shilling notes. When the girl asked to see his notes he handed her a piece of paper, at the same time putting his hand into the till and snatching a pound note and 12s. 6d. in silver. But Phillips was caught as he was making off, and for three months his mean act will keep him pondering.

Maddened by Methylated Spirit.

A drunken man may be funny—a drunken woman never! So witch-like was the orgy of four Liverpool women methylated spirit addicts that when the police went to see what was attracting a crowd of people they had a shock. One woman was lying stupefied on the floor, and three others were sitting around her crooning a drunken dirge. All four have now been fined or imprisoned. The Home Secretary will do well to act on our advice of a national campaign against the evil!

Entertaining a Yank.

Girls who are attracted by "wealthy" Americans are apt to think that every Yank is a millionaire. The girl who married William Whitworth has now cause to regret her choice, for this burglar in two hemispheres is serving five years' penal servitude here, and when he's done that, goes back to the States for the rest of the sentence he dodged when he escaped to England. Whitworth did so well at burglary that he had a sumptuously furnished flat in Russell Square. Now he has a plainly furnished cell!

Murch's Murkiness.

Unfortunate out-of-works who had a little money ready to buy employment were the quarry bled by Henry James Murch, a mean vulture of Scotia Street, Glasgow, who has spent almost half his life in prison. Posing as a signwriter, he demanded a considerable sum as deposit from each of the hopeful applicants who answered his advertisement, and then left them as workless and as despairing as before. Fifteen months' hard was what this experienced jailbird got—and deserved.

The Lies of Lambert.

Another example of the folly of handing money to plausible strangers was provided by the case of David Ronald Lambert, sentenced by the Marylebone magistrate to nine months' hard labour. Lambert persuaded a Bowes Park shop assistant to part with 30s. on the strength of a story that her brother had been running a sweepstake and could not pay the winners. He also obtained 10s. "for stamp duties" from a Fulham man, whose son, then lying dead, was, he said, entitled to £37 10s. from the War Office. JOHN BULL readers should never be caught in this way.

Tea that Brews Trouble.

In July, 1922, a Devonport reader was persuaded by a promise of a bonus within three months to buy tea regularly from Simpson & Harvey, of 10, Frankfort Street, Plymouth. At the end of that period another representative told her she would have to wait eight months. In January, 1923, a new agent said the bonus would be paid within twelve months, and later yet another canvasser promised that it would be forthcoming for certain in January, 1924. It has not yet materialised. Simpson & Harvey, like all their kind, repudiate statements made by their agents, and ignore all complaints. We have never yet heard of bonus tea that did not brew trouble.

Vanishing Alien Husbands.

Following revelations in JOHN BULL, Scotland Yard is seeking several aliens who frequent hotels, "marry" British women, and leave after the first night with their victim's money and valuables. Dark strangers look more romantic than normal Britons, but their deeds are devious and peculiar with women!

The Hotel Scandal.

It is notorious that the hotel shortage for the British Empire Exhibition is accentuated by the fact that there are many hotels in the occupancy of foreign undesirables who prefer to let their rooms for improper purposes to their "lady clients" and their men patrons. When are the police going to deal with the scandal?

Exploiting the Prince.

Brig.-Gen. Crozier, whose name was given as a director of the Prince Hall Residential Sports Club, Ltd., exposed in a recent issue, informs us that his name was used on the prospectus without his knowledge or authority. Major Cox makes the same statement. We should have been surprised indeed if Brig.-Gen. Crozier or Major Cox had had any continuous connection with the type of wild-cat scheme we denounced.

An Old Trick.

In different names from different Continental addresses, the arch rogue E. Durand is working the hoary dodge of circularising his "pleasure to inform you that you are one of 120 persons selected for his free gift of £3." To obtain the gift cash for cheap jewellery is necessary, and when this is forwarded the "beneficiary" receives his share of the free gift, 6d., which the rogue can well afford out of the excessive charge made for the "jewellery."

Problems of Life.

DISAPPOINTED PARENTS.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of the saddest utterances ever brought to my attention was this: "If you lose your children in infancy they do not grow up to break your heart."

It was spoken by a grey-haired widow to a young mother bereaved of her first-born, and inconsolable in her grief.

What a poignant piece of self-revelation! Yet it sums up the story of thousands of homes.

One of the most perplexing things in life is the fact that antagonism, misunderstanding and loss of sympathy can so easily develop between young people and their parents at a certain stage in their relations.

Devoted fathers and mothers often have to know the bitterness of losing touch with the children for whom they have made many sacrifices and to whose success in life they have looked forward with high hope.

Who is to blame? It is difficult to say.

Sometimes the turning of a hair, so to speak, will change the current of a boy's life or a girl's for good or ill.

Like a piece of iron placed near a ship's compass, some new personal interest outside the family may suffice to steer the youth out of his normal course, farther and farther away from old associations and habits.

The wayward and headstrong period in the life of the young should be prepared for by their elders long before it comes.

Affection alone will not avert it: it requires character, too. If your children can look up to you, you are more likely to keep your hold on them than if they cannot.

The most potent thing is to maintain true comradeship with them at every stage of their growth.

Don't grow away from them and it will be difficult for them to grow away from you.

"Trust" and Bust.

We have repeatedly advised caution in dealing with three concerns, the Lincoln Trust, the Sterling Trust, and the Sentinel Trust, which are run by a woman share-pusher named Bedingfield. Another of the companies which she boosted with unjustifiable optimism, British Radio Sales, is to be compulsorily wound up by order of the Court. We hope the Official Receiver will direct a searching eye upon her activities.

Walter's Little Ways.

Punters who like a square deal, and who expect always to receive winnings due to them, would be well advised to steer clear of Walter Vincent, who gives the address of 5, Drury Street, Glasgow. In the same week that he whined to one of his creditors that he was unable to pay his losses, he was circularising other prospective clients regarding a sweepstake which he termed the Veritas Derby Scheme, and which he backed with security of £1,000 deposited by himself at the bank! Watch Walter!

The Skin Game.

J. Neville, of 50, Aylmer Road, London, W., advertises "Moleskins wanted. Unbeatable top prices paid," and recently sent a Norfolk reader a circular quoting 1st quality, 9d. each; 2nd ditto, 6½d. each; 3rd ditto, 5d. each. Yet our reader received only 6s. 11d. for a consignment of 53 skins. Neville pricing them 19 at 3½d., and 34 at ½d. Not a very paying game for the molecatcher, whose argument that if the skins he sent were not even of 3rd quality they were not worth purchasing at all seems unanswerable.

Bashful Ballard.

W. J. Ballard, the homework specialist, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., has not ceased his activities since we called attention to the illusory character of his so-called money-making schemes, but he has grown bashful about using his name in connection with them, and in his latest advertisements ventures only as far as the letter "B." This may stand for many things, but readers will do well to remember that in conjunction with the above address it still stands for Ballard.

Walk Round Martin.

Hugh Martin, of 32, Old Compton Street, London, W., who uses as his motto "I lay and pay," appears to be another of the spiders who lie in ambush for flies as soon as the flat-racing season starts. A Wakefield reader who opened an account with him duly settled his losses and holds a receipt, but when he won all that he could get was a credit note, which he also still holds, though it does not seem likely to be of any value to him, for his thrice-repeated efforts to obtain payment have been met with stony silence.

Presents that Remain Absent.

The British Mutual Bonus Company, 10, High Street, St. Neots, Hunts, is a concern run by E. H. Nuthall, who promises to provide presents for the customers of retail shopkeepers who purchase and distribute bonus coupons in the form of adhesive stamps supplied by him. A reader who has spent many pounds on these coupons is now in the awkward position of finding himself presented with completely filled books of stamps by his customers and being unable to explain why the promised presents are not forthcoming, as Nuthall ignores his letters.

Fleecing the Unemployed.

Applicants who answered an advertisement for envelope addressers which appeared recently in the *Daily Express* received, much to their astonishment and disgust, a badly typed circular from "Anderson and Thomas," 3, Constance Road, West Croydon, who apparently cannot even afford printed notepaper stating the nature of their business, asking them to pay 2s. 6d. for "complete instructions showing how you can be assured of an additional income of at least £3 a week." It is disgraceful that attempts should be made in this manner to snatch fees from people whose need is so great that they are anxious to undertake the worst paid clerical work imaginable.

L'arning 'em the Law

MR. BEN GARDNER'S Rent Restrictions Bill, which was designed, in the words of one of its sponsors, "to protect 7,000,000 tenants against unjust or unreasonable ejectments for an extended period of three years," and had been given a second reading in the House of Commons by 248 votes against 101, is dead.

It was killed in Committee—slain, according to the Socialists, by the Tory opposition; strangled, according to the Conservatives, by the Socialists themselves. It really matters as little who killed the Bill as who killed Cock Robin, and it is useless to make a song about it.

What really matters is that evictions continue throughout the country, in circumstances of such terrible hardships that it is the imperative duty of the Government to find means of remedying the appalling distress which prevails.

While Tories and Socialists alike were losing their tempers over the discussion of the provisions of the proposed law, a distracted woman made a tearful eleventh-hour application at the Coalville Police Court for a stay of execution of an ejectment order which had been made against her husband. Her application was opposed by the owner of the property and refused.

The house in question was a double-fronted cottage in Hermitage Road known locally as the old "National Schoolmaster's House," and was tenanted by Mr. Walter Ladkin and his wife and five children.

If any man is entitled to special consideration as regards a home to live in, Mr. Ladkin is. He is a Mons hero with twenty-two years' service in the Army. He fought in the famous cavalry action near Mons in 1914, and was wounded at Ypres. On being demobilised he opened a saddler's business in Coalville, but this was unsuccessful, and later he went to work at a local colliery.

Hearing that his wife's appeal to the magistrates had met with no response, he hurried from his work to the old "National Schoolmaster's House" to find his family confronted by the police, who were engaged in l'arning 'em the law.

He was requested to remove his furniture forthwith, and as he did not comply, his household goods were deposited in the street, and he was left to face the possibility of having to spend the night there with his wife and children.

Mr. Ladkin, who rode at the head of the royal escort when the King visited Dublin in 1910, has determined to make a personal appeal to His Majesty to aid him in finding a home to live in.

He may be assured of the King's sympathy, but it is to His Majesty's ministers that he must look for relief.

It is their clear duty to subordinate all other considerations, and give immediate effect to the promises of homes for heroes made by the politicians during the war.

How to Become a Giant

ARE you anxious to become a giant? Do you desire to loom like a Colossus among your fellows? If so, we introduce you to a genius who can show you how to realise your ambition rapidly, and with no undue expense.

"WHICH of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Since that question was asked in the Bible many centuries ago it has remained unanswered. It is to be unanswered no longer.

Mr. Hamilton Stone, 27, Finsbury Street, London, E.C. 2, is the man who, in this respect, if we may say so without irreverence, has got the Bible whacked. If you are not as tall as you might like to be you need not worry. All you have got to do is to send a couple of guineas to Mr. Stone, and he will show you how to grow almost visibly.

If you are lucky enough to get some of his circulars you will probably feel the growing pains immediately. There is a picture, for example, of a bald-headed employer sitting at his desk. In front of him are five gentlemen obviously looking for a job in which, no doubt, they hope to become in time as prosperous, if not quite so bald, as the employer.

Four of them are men of moderate stature, not bigger, let us say, than Napoleon was. But one of them is about as tall as a metropolitan policeman, and the employer is shown beckoning to him with almost feverish anxiety to give him the job.

Then there is another picture of a seaside promenade. A young man and a young lady, tall and handsome, are walking together. Behind them is a small man looking up and talking to a very tall woman. His back is turned, but it is eloquent. It says as plainly as though it spoke —"What a poor fish I am. What an impression I could make on this daughter of the Gods if I had only had the sense to send two guineas to Mr. Stone!"

If it were only a matter of consoling people with eloquent and envious backs it would not be very important. There is no harm in wishing to be as tall, say, as a metropolitan policeman. Nor is it a criminal offence to impress bald-headed employers.

It is interesting to read the testimonials, such as that from Miss Ethel Moore, of New Wortley, a lady of twenty-eight, who grew five inches taller since she adopted the two-guinea system. We hope she has been content to stop at that, for, though there are lucrative engagements open to giants, it would be undesirable to have too many of them. The country cannot afford to have to remodel its trams and Tube and 'buses and, perhaps, its houses, in order to cope with people who know more than the Bible.

But we propose to deal with a testimonial which Mr. Stone will probably not include in his next batch. There is a poor cripple girl in Wales who is receiving parish relief. She is an orphan. A kind-hearted relative, wishing to give the sick girl a holiday, gave her, bit by bit, a couple of guineas out of his savings towards the expenses.

She saw an advertisement of Mr. Stone's Excelsior System, and she sent him the two guineas. The System is no good to her as she is quite deformed. She has a running sore which is chronic, and a big lump the size of a basin on the bottom of her spine. She has never been to school and cannot read handwriting well. But she can read printed matter and is obviously not insensible to the lure of the tall, straight, beautiful girls in Mr. Hamilton Stone's illustrations.

It is really pathetic. In her desperate anxiety to become straight and tall and normal, she has parted with the money which would have given her the needed holiday.

In the circumstances Mr. Stone was written to and asked if he would refund the money. We have his reply before us. He regrets that he is unable to do so, as his system has not been given a trial. Of course it hasn't. It can't be.

We, therefore, appeal to Mr. Stone to reconsider his decision, and send back the money to this poor, suffering, crippled and almost illiterate orphan. We have great hopes that he will do it, for we have reason to suppose that he is not ungenerous. His treatment of another client suggests this.

He wrote to this gentleman and offered him the treatment for two guineas. The gentleman did not reply. Perhaps he hadn't the two guineas. That is evidently what Stone thought, for he wrote a little later on offering the system for one guinea.

This did not produce the desired effect, so some time later Stone wrote and offered to let him have the system for half a guinea. It is very good of Mr. Stone to sell his system to some people for two guineas, and to others, who are not impressed the first or second time, for half a guinea.

But it is very hard on the poor crippled girl, living in poverty and suffering, to have had to pay two guineas for what is offered at half a guinea to a gentleman who is much better off, and has no need to shoot up like a sunflower or a Russian giant in the queue of the workless.

Where Justice is Denied

JUST over four years ago we began a campaign exposing a conspiracy conducted by certain high officials of the Army in India against Lieut. C. H. Clendinning. The facts are well known now, both to our readers and to the general public.

This young Irish officer refused to fall into line with certain proposals made by some of his brother officers, who thereupon commenced the cruel conspiracy. He was incarcerated as insane, although authorities in a position to observe him declared that he was perfectly sane. He was persecuted, arrested, released and re-arrested; boycotted by his colleagues; victimised by his superiors.

As a result of the JOHN BULL campaign the matter was brought to the attention of the War Office and an enquiry demanded. This was shelved repeatedly until the arrival of the present Government. In view of the fact that the present Financial Secretary to the War Office, Mr. John Lawson, M.P., had charge of Lieut. Clendinning's case on behalf of the Labour Party, and in 1920 endeavoured to raise the matter on Army Estimates, we had good ground for hoping that some measure of justice would be done.

Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck accordingly raised the question, and received the astounding answer from Mr. S. Walsh, the War Minister: "I have no information before me." Either Mr. Walsh was quibbling, or the Permanent Officials at the War Office were providing him with a defective reply, because two months earlier Mr. Lawson had written Lt. Clendinning acknowledging receipt of the statements of evidence and other information.

Mr. Walsh stated further that the Government of India had reported to the India Office the findings of their Committee of Enquiry held in India into Clendinning's case, and promised that the Army Council would now proceed to investigate the case for themselves. We demand that the Indian report should not be accepted as good evidence, because the proceedings were farcical in the extreme.

First of all Clendinning was not allowed to state his case, give evidence, be represented, or supply witnesses. This is in direct defiance of the Attorney-General's ruling in 1917, "that in any enquiry affecting the character or military reputation of an officer, he must have full opportunity to be present throughout that enquiry and make any statement, give evidence, and cross-examine witnesses." This is a statutory charter of the officers of the Army.

This secret enquiry is rendered still more farcical by the fact that it was carried on by the officers responsible for the treatment of Clendinning. The "accused" were also the "judges." Obviously the enquiry was a farce, and, in view of the statutory charter mentioned above, the Court was irregularly constituted, it is illegal and its findings invalid.

Mr. Walsh now has an opportunity to mete out belated justice to this young officer. Will he do it?

Amazing Pottery Swindle

PARLIAMENT should pass legislation that will prevent mean swindling of the type we describe below. To take money from poor people and fail to deliver the goods ordered is trickery that ought not to be tolerated.

WHAT is the Board of Trade going to do with regard to the facts we record here, facts which in our view constitute a gross scandal, and reveal an imposition on the public which it ought to be somebody's business to stop.

Some time ago we denounced a man named William Fox Evans, of Stoke-on-Trent, who ran a concern called the Fountain Pottery Company. In one case this company took £20 from a Burmese trader with an order. The goods were never delivered.

We said this was rank robbery. Our comments caused a good deal of interest in the Potteries, and as a sequel the police took action, and Mr. Evans was sent to prison for obtaining money by false pretences.

If that were all, we should leave the matter there, with the remark that Mr. Evans was not unfamiliar with jail, having been previously convicted on more than one occasion for fraud, a previous sentence being one of three years' penal servitude.

But what we desire to expose is the system which this rascal so callously exploited. He formed a company called William Evans (Stoke on Trent), Limited, of which the chief shareholders were himself, his wife, and niece. His business was to buy cheap pottery from factories and sell it through advertisements.

In order to do this he established several companies. There were, for example, the Denbigh Pottery Company, the Clifton Pottery Company, the Fountain Pottery Company, the Globe Pottery Company, W. Evans and Company, and a number of others. They were not companies with a great roll of workpeople summoned to their toil by the factory bell. All these concerns were run for the most part from two small cottages in Bath Street, Stoke-upon-Trent—in one of which his niece resides.

Evans, the Pooh Bah of the Pottery trade, was all these companies himself. In the morning, apparently, he was the Denbigh, in the afternoon the Globe, and in the evening the Fountain. It was a very convenient arrangement for him. When people wrote and complained about the Fountain Pottery Company, Mr. Evans, in his capacity of the Globe Company, would sympathise with them, and assure them of the much better treatment they would get from the Globe Company.

Complaints about his methods of trading poured in to the police. They came and looked sadly at Mr. Evans juggling with his pottery companies, and did nothing until after our article appeared.

Our Special Commissioner, whose enquiries took him to Stoke-upon-Trent, found that the police had actually been calling upon this man nearly every day for about a year. They had also months ago received communications from official sources in London asking them to take steps in this matter. If they had acted then, many people would have saved their money.

One poor woman, with tears in her eyes, had come from Wolverhampton to Stoke-upon-Trent to try to get back her money from Evans. She had paid him £9 for pottery she wanted to sell in her little shop in the hope that she might make a pound or two to ease the last days of her husband, who was dying of cancer. Scores of dupes visited him in the hope of getting their money.

We find that in his spare time the sedulous Evans ran a business as a hay factor. Driving up in a motor-car to one small farmer's house, he took a fancy to a hayrick, and bought it for £35, giving £5 on account. The unfortunate farmer needed the money badly to pay his rent. Evans has left lots of other poor people in difficulties of this kind.

For himself he lived well and easily in his very nice house, "Alton Villa." He gave his wife expensive furs and brought up his daughter at a college in Manchester. The motor-car was said to have cost something like £600.

While the authorities have been very lax over this whole swindling business, it is hard to understand why some of the creditors have not proceeded against him and made him bankrupt. Some of these creditors are poor and ignorant people, striving hard for their daily bread and unfamiliar with the necessary procedure; but others are big firms, and ought at once to take necessary steps not only for the sake of the poorer dupes, but also for the sake of decent honesty in trade.

If this is done—and we hope it will be—an investigation would be held not only into the property which this rogue owns, or has owned, but what has become of it, how and when it was transferred and how he ran his multiplicity of swindling companies.

These companies are all gone now. But the Bath Street premises are being used by a concern called the "Alton Pottery Company," which is run by Mrs. Evans and the niece who was associating with Mr. Evans in his businesses.

When will Parliament pass legislation that will effectively prevent swindling jugglery of the type of which Evans with his pottery companies was such a masterly exponent?

Portraits at Two Shillings an Inch

THERE are two classes of people deeply interested in newspapers, those who want to get their names into the papers and those who want to keep their names out of the papers. The latter are usually the more insistent.

The blameless desire to see oneself in print is a weakness of human nature that has not gone unnoticed by some acute people. Amongst them we include an establishment called "The House of Hannaford," of 11, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, otherwise known as the Hannaford MacIntosh Co., Ltd.

This firm publishes a journal called the *Countryside Review*, which is described as a High Class Review of Modern Progress, Edited by "Craven Bourne," and is devoted, apparently, to Fiction, Sports, Science, Travel, Motoring, Industry, Agriculture, and Horticulture.

The *Countryside Review* got in touch with a member of the theatrical profession whose card was published in the advertising columns of a daily newspaper. It offered to write some nice paragraphs about this gentleman's career, and asked him for one or two photographs of himself which would be returned.

There was to be no charge for the paragraphs, though whether they were to be considered as fiction, sports, science or travel, we do not know. But, a little later, the gentleman was asked if he would pay for illustrating the paragraphs with photographs, the charge for blocks being 2s. per square inch.

He was not told what the size of the blocks would be. He offered to lend a block of his own, but the offer was not accepted, and he allowed the matter to drop.

We think he was very wise. The *Countryside Review* may be an excellent paper. We do not know. But we think it is very undesirable that people should be asked to pay for blocks to illustrate something-for-nothing journalism without being told the extent of their liability.

A case in point ought to be known to the Hannaford MacIntosh Co., Ltd., that of a fake paper called *Country Topics*, run by the Neville Scott Publishing Co., of 128, Fleet Street, which induced a number of traders to accept free articles about their business provided they paid 2s. 6d. per inch for blocks used for illustrations. These traders were called upon then to pay from £10 to £40 each for blocks. They refused.

The case was taken into court, and judgment with costs was given against the publishing company.

If people choose to pay for the pleasure of seeing their photographs printed they are no doubt entitled to do so. But the point is they ought to know how much they have got to pay before they are involved in obligations. Otherwise there is always the unpleasant possibility of proceedings in court, which are neither agreeable for them to read nor for others who attach great importance to the highest traditions of the Press.

All the Fun of the Fair

"THE best fun," according to the motto of a famous business man, "is work."

To be able to get fun out of work you must have a sense of humour. You must be able to realise that the battle of business begins again every day. If you are beaten, you draw a fresh breath and start again. Keep on doing that and you will get all the fun there is out of life.

Last December, a grocery store was opened at Harrow, in premises rented at £500 a year, and fitted up regardless of expense, under the name of "B. Jacobs."

It was started by a Mrs. Fanny Hershorn. It had no luck to speak of. A few days ago a meeting of Mrs. Fanny's creditors was held to consider a statement of affairs. There were liabilities of over £1,600, and assets of £200. The difference is part of the fun—for the creditors.

Mrs. Hershorn attributed her difficulties to orders given by her husband—because he had nothing else to do. What fun—to be idle when your wife owns a grocery store.

She did not know anything of her husband's affairs. She did not know that he had previously traded as a costumier as "B. Jacobs." What fun—to have a husband a costumier and not to know it.

When her husband was up for bankruptcy last December—he had been bankrupt before in 1912, with debts over five thousand and no assets—he said he had started as a costumier as B. Jacobs, with £2,000 capital, a gift from his wife. What fun! To get £2,000 from your wife to start a business of which she is unaware.

Mrs. Fanny Hershorn was a director of a firm called William Devonport, Limited. It bought goods from a firm called Norman Scott, Limited, which offered its creditors six-and-eightpence in the pound. What fun!

Her brother-in-law, David Lannon, or Davidoff Gershgorn, or Hershorn, ran the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd. It went into liquidation.

Another relative was Pinkus Gershorn who ran a company called Philip Clay and Co., Ltd., which, after a short and inglorious career, went into compulsory liquidation.

The Gershgorn, Hershorn, Lannon businesses are well and unfavourably known in the soft goods trade, and the family must have great difficulty in remembering which is a director of which. What fun!

But there is not much fun for the creditors who have lost thousands to this interesting and enterprising family of Russian Jews.

Last November we asked the Business Men's Committee in the House of Commons to investigate the complicated tangle of the Gershgorn enterprises. So far as we know, it did nothing. What fun!

But not for the creditors of the Harrow grocery concern. If our request had been taken more seriously they might have saved their money. They didn't.

Blunders that Mean Death

IT is an ungracious thing to indulge in carping criticism of our great voluntary hospitals. But it is unfair to the subscribers and to the public to pass over glaring instances of administrative inefficiency.

Mrs. Green, of 52, Chester Road, Seven Kings, had a sick child. She took it all the way to West Ham Hospital, where a nurse took the child's temperature and suggested that the child should be brought again a few hours later.

The poor woman carried the baby home, some miles away, where it died, before she could return with it to the hospital.

There were six doctors at the hospital where this dying child was brought. The nurse did not think it necessary to submit the child to any of them. The coroner mildly observed that this did not seem reasonable.

To the anguished and bereaved mother the word "reasonable" must seem glaringly and painfully inadequate.

At Liverpool, when a woman named Mrs. Davies was knocked down by a motor lorry and run over, she was taken in an ambulance to the Royal Infirmary there and attended to by a woman doctor. There was an empty bed in the infirmary, but the doctor did not consider her injuries serious enough to require her to be put to bed there.

In addition to a cut on her head, she had seven fractured ribs and a fractured pelvis, and these injuries, except the cut on the head, were not discovered by the woman doctor, who did not undress the patient for examination.

Mrs. Davies was sent from the Royal Infirmary to the Mill Road Infirmary, a terrible journey for a woman so seriously injured. She died a quarter of an hour after her admission.

In this case the coroner said that the removal from the Royal Infirmary to Mill Road was deplorable. There are many people who may be tempted to think that the word "deplorable" in such circumstances is also glaringly and painfully inadequate.

Those who are responsible for the administration of our hospitals complain of the difficulty they have to get funds from the public. We do not think that stories of the kind we have thought it a duty to relate encourage the public to put their hands into their pockets.

And we ask the Minister of Health to look into the whole question of hospital administration. The poor, on whose behalf the public subscribe their money, complain bitterly of cavalier treatment in many of these institutions.

In the cases we have mentioned there was nothing beyond mistakes of judgment. But in both cases they were certainly mistakes that ought not to have been made.

Driving the Clergy to Crime

ALL over the country underpaid clergymen are face to face with poverty—and crime! The Church preaches love and charity, yet members of the richest church in the world are not receiving enough money to support themselves and families.

"SWEATING" is one of the meanest and most contemptible offences of which an employer can be guilty. When it is done by ignorant and ill-conditioned employers it is bad enough. It is infinitely worse when it is done by highly respected people and leading lights in the Christian community.

The Rev. J. H. Field had a cure of souls at Hastings. He was a preacher at Clive Vale Church. He is at present in jail. He has broken down under the appalling strain involved by sweating and under-payment. All his life the spectre of poverty had haunted him. He was a good man those sanctity snapped under the grinding pressure of continuous insolvency.

The Rev. Field was a son of the people: he came from a poor home where he never had more than the barest necessities of life.

At ten years of age he was an errand boy after school hours, and at thirteen he became a counter-hand in a newspaper shop at nine shillings a week, of which his mother got eight. Books of study claimed the rest. Later he became an accountant and, in addition to keeping his mother, took a wife. He became a father. Then he took to preaching.

His family grew, but his resources did not. His first living brought him in £65 a year, but he soon bettered his circumstances and got a living with the handsome salary of £80 a year. It was not much on which to keep a wife and six children and an aged mother—less than £10 a year for each.

This is the way clergymen are treated in a great Christian country. He thought when he got to Hastings—a place that is full of well-to-do people—that his struggles would be over. He was disappointed. Chill penury followed him there until it froze his sense of right and wrong.

He got heavily in debt. From his studious youth he had acquired only one form of property—books. They were his treasure and consolation. Like Prospero his library was his kingdom. His books were torn from him and sold for debt.

In his agony and despair, and to feed his hungry children, he borrowed from a fund for which he was collecting. Of course he had no right to do this, and equally, of course, he could not pay the money back. That is why he is now in jail.

But what of the Christian community which allows such things, which allows Ministers of the Gospel to drift into crime under the pressure of starvation?

There is another clergyman who will be in jail shortly. He is the Rev. Watling, Vicar of St. John's, Edmonton. He is being sued for an accumulation of rates in arrear which he cannot pay. Magistrates have said that a church that cannot support herself and her ministers is not worthy of her name. It is a greater scandal because, as the vicar says, the church to which he belongs is the richest in the world.

There are hundreds of Baptist ministers in this country to-day who are paid about half as much as a dock labourer. They have to stand in the pulpit day after day preaching the Gospel, telling their congregations how to be good and upright and honourable people. Then they go home to a starvation diet and to listen to the cries of hungry children. "I am distressed that I have cut the knee of my trousers," says a clergyman in a letter. "True I had bought them at a jumble sale. They are full of moth holes."

Another writes: "I got up this morning a good deal depressed, for I heard someone very dear to me gently crying herself to sleep overnight. Not an unjustifiable thing to do, for she carried the burden of household affairs and a case of chronic illness. It is hard to comfort the dying, cheer the afflicted, and inspire the young to high ideals while at home, beyond the fence, lurks the grim spectre of poverty clutching at the children's throats."

The average salary of a curate in the Church of England is less than £5 a week. There are thousands of them, men of culture and education, University trained, struggling to keep up a good appearance and make the world better than they found it—on a starvation salary.

When the Rev. John Dickie, a Baptist Minister of Fifeshire, was made a bankrupt, he said that for many years he worked for a salary of £60, which was raised to £80, but for fifteen years it was never more than £120. His father, when he died, left him some money with which he paid his debts, but after that he got into the hands of money-lenders.

A married clergyman, with £150 a year, has not been able to purchase a new suit for eleven years. An old clergyman of eighty-five continues to work at £2 10s. a week because the only alternative is the workhouse.

The Church raises hundreds of thousands of pounds for foreign missions and to convert the heathen. *Charity begins at home!* What a text for these starving clergymen, embittered by privations and suffering, to preach from!

Council's Poor Cricket

COURTESY and consideration are two qualities that are very desirable in the administration of public affairs, and we do not think that the Hove Town Council has shown these qualities in a dispute which it has had with the Brighton Post Office Football and Cricket Clubs.

The matter is, in a sense, a small one, but the action of the club has been taken on principle. The club was not allowed to play on a pitch for which it had paid and which belongs to the Council, the reason being that a heavy fall of snow had made the ground unfit.

In these circumstances the club secretary asked for a refund of the money which had been paid. We think that was a very reasonable request.

It was refused, on the ground that the fee included work done by the Council's men putting up and taking down goal-posts, nets and corner flags and marking out the ground, "so that as far as the Council are concerned a certain amount of expense is incurred whether the ground is used or not, and if it should happen that the weather turns out unfavourable clubs recognise that they must put up with it."

This is a rather haughty and far from handsome attitude. In this case the Council's workmen did no work.

What, one may ask, would be said of a shopkeeper from whom an article was ordered and who was paid for it, if, finding that it was not in stock he tried to get it from other people and failed, and then turned round to his customer and said: "I cannot get you your article, but I am not prepared to refund your money as I have been put to a certain amount of trouble and expense in trying to get it for you."

We fear that many people would call him by a short, sharp and harsh name which rhymes with "beef."

But this is not all. The club secretary asked them if he could not get his money back, whether he could have another day allotted to him for the match. The answer was in the negative.

We certainly think that this is harsh and ungracious treatment, and suggest to the Hove Council that it might follow the example of Brighton, which, in such cases, either refunds the money or gives another day.

The lofty attitude that clubs must "put up with it" is out of date nowadays. The Hove Council is not a haughty and absolute body dealing out its favours at its own whim, but a responsible body administering the property of the ratepayers.

And it is surely the ratepayers' desire that Hove should be made as attractive to the public as possible.

A word of protest is therefore desirable and will, we hope, be taken in good part by those to whom it is addressed.

Truth about Sex Murders

by EDGAR WALLACE

(The Famous Criminologist)

MAN'S fear of looking ridiculous in the eyes of women is the most potent motive for murder, says the writer, advancing one of the most original theories on crime that has yet been printed.

Mr. Edgar Wallace.

THE public is alarmed, and justly alarmed, by the growth in recent years of what are popularly but erroneously known as sex murders. They point to case after case where men have murdered women, and women have been parties to murdering men, in order to cover up some illicit love affair which, if it were divulged in public, would cover the murderer with shame.

There has been a succession of these crimes, all having "sex features," and the public may be pardoned if it confuses such rare types of murder as that of poor little Vera Hoad, where the motive was probably the lust of some demented man, or such brutal crimes as the murder of the little typist, Irene Munro, on the Crumbles, with that type of offence which is being so constantly investigated in our criminal courts.

ONLY one of these two instances was a sex crime in the truest sense of the word; the typist was in all probability murdered because she refused to hand over the money in her possession, and the criminals in this case were brutal, animal men, without one vestige of humanity in their spiritual and moral make-up.

The crimes which we have to consider, and which at the moment are exciting public concern, are the crimes which are not incited by an overwhelming sex emotion, but, curiously enough, by an intense desire on the part of the murderers to appear before their fellow-citizens in a good light!

"What will people say?" In these four words is discoverable the secret of the hideous sex murders which have been an almost regular feature of our lives during the past twenty years. In that question is to be found the motive of almost every beastly crime that has figured on the calendar.

It may even be discovered that the obloquy which might attach to the murderer for being seen with some disreputable woman, was the cause of that most awful of crimes, the murder of little Vera Hoad.

PUBLICISTS and preachers are telling us that the cause of these sex murders is traceable to the Great War, and to the deadening of the moral sense.

They can trace such crimes to the growth of paganism, to the breaking down of family ties, to a thousand and one fantastic causes; but the truth is that the sex murder is immediately connected with the wave of Puritanism, the blatant hypocrisy and the stupid gentility of the mid-Victorian period.

Until seventy years ago, the crimes which are constantly appearing nowadays in the newspapers were practically unknown. The motive of 70 per cent. of murders was robbery or revenge.

I am excluding such cases as the Vera Hoad murder, which have occurred persistently throughout the ages.

IT is not permissible to discuss the Byfleet tragedy, or deal with the crime of the Crumbles, at this stage. But one need not be guilty of an act of contempt to find scores of cases where the desire of man for woman, or woman for man, was accompanied by such an overwhelming terror of public opinion as resulted in the committal of the most hideous murders.

* * *

The Armstrong case will be fresh in the reader's mind. Here was a man, holding an eminent position in the county of Hereford, or just beyond its borders, who was married to a woman for whom he no longer cared, and who in truth had made his life a little bleak and narrowed his outlook to an intolerable extent.

He meets and falls in love with another woman, and his affection is returned. She would not dream of running away with him, and he is too respectable to suggest such a course. He must maintain his dignity at all costs; and so that everything shall be in order, and that convention shall not be outraged, he administers arsenic to his wife, and is free to marry again.

* * *

Crippen is a mild and inoffensive little man, who is married to a woman with whom he has very little in common. He falls in love with his secretary and assistant—what is easier than for them to run away together and start life in a new and a strange land?

But Crippen has a horror of scandal. He shrinks from incurring the sneers and censure of people who know and respect him. "What will they say?" is for ever present in his mind; and, sooner than incur the criticism which must necessarily follow his flight, he poisons his wife, cuts up her body into small pieces and buries it beneath the cellar floor.

* * *

The Southend murderer carries on with two sisters, the liaison being unknown to each other; and, as the result of this association, one of the girls gets into trouble. He himself is married, and the possibility of the scandal becoming public property weighs on him day and night. In order to hide his infamy, he kills the girl and leaves her in a ditch.

* * *

Deeming, one of the most brutal of murderers, was also one of the most vain. A married man with five children, he appears in a little Cheshire village as a single man; describes himself as an inspector of armies, and immediately becomes the centre of a throng of admirers, including a girl, to whom he proposes marriage.

And then his wife and five children appear upon the scene, and the exposure of his swank is imminent. The fear of what they would say, and the terror of ridicule, are so strong within him that he murders his wife and five children, and buries them beneath a cement flooring.

* * *

Man's fear of looking ridiculous in the eyes of women is the most potent motive for murder. Bennett, the Yarmouth murderer, cuts a dash with a girl whom he has promised to marry. He impresses her family, and is regarded by all his associates as a travelled gentleman with a great future. He puts off his marriage from time to time, and at last, in desperation lest his new-found friends should look down upon him, he strangles his wife in the most brutal circumstances, and the way is now clear for him to be respectable and respected.

* * *

Dougal hesitates to commit bigamy with the middle-aged Miss Holland, "acts honourably" towards her, and experiences a glow of pride attendant upon his virtue. Yet, when he is threatened with exposure over a sordid and commonplace intrigue, murders his wife and buries her in a moat.

* * *

But perhaps the most striking of these sex crimes was that which sent Mrs. Thompson and Bywaters to the scaffold. Here is an extraordinary instance of the horror which a certain type of mind holds for publicity.

This wretched young woman forms an attachment for a ship's steward, who is admitted to her house on terms of friendship with her husband. She is practically independent; she owns a little property, is a clever milliner and earns a good wage. Apparently she holds her husband in abhorrence, and looks forward to the day when she can be free of him.

And yet the gate is wide open for her. Unlike other women, who are dependent upon their husbands' allowance for their sustenance, she is free to come and go when she likes, in the assurance that the worst that can happen is an undefended divorce suit, which would not deserve one line in the local newspapers.

But the fear of "what they will say" lay heavily upon Mrs. Thompson. She could break her marriage vows, she could carry on a remarkable correspondence with this ship's steward, she could take every risk that a woman can take; and yet the possibility of being "shown up" filled her with dread. Mrs. Grundy must be propitiated—and the scaffold must receive its victims!

You will find this perverted vanity behind every sex murder, indeed, behind the larger proportion of such crimes as have been committed in the past decade. These instances can be multiplied indefinitely; they will occur and recur, just so long as young people are taught that the supreme social penalty is the stricture of their fellows.

ONE of the most alarming features of murderous crime—and I do not remember that attention has before been drawn to the fact—is that some five women are murdered to every man.

Nowadays we have almost taken it for granted that it is inevitable that, if a person is murdered, that person is a woman. The old crude chilvalry which protected the women from murderous hands seems to be a thing of the past.

I take up a reference book at random—it covers the year 1922, a typical year. We had the murder of Irene Wilkins by Allaway, the murder of Mrs. Black by her husband, the murder of Mrs. Armstrong, the murder by Ronald True, the murder of Lady White by Jacoby, the murder of a woman in a lonely inn by Jack Hewitt, a farm boy, the murder of Mrs. Halliday by her husband, the murder of Ada Field by her lover, the murder of his wife by the blind ex-soldier, the destruction of his wife and child by the city metal merchant, Harry Kaye, the murder of the bride at Market Deeping by a former admirer.

And against these we have the killing of a moneylender, the Thompson murder, and the killing of a man by another.

* * *

"WHAT will people say?" is the last thought in the crazy mind of almost every suicide. It is to escape the consequences of minor offences that most of the supreme crimes are committed. The desire to be thought well of can be more immoral than the most flagrant departure from the straight course.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—Your action in refusing to sell surplus war material to certain Baltic interests, and in placing a veto on all such deals, is one that I heartily commend. The instruments of war should never be allowed to become a matter of commercial barter. Some day I hope to see their manufacture by private interests prohibited. Meanwhile it is a step forward to find a Premier courageous enough to put his foot down on one small section of a devilish trade. JOHN BULL.

To LORD DARLING, House of Lords.

MY LORD,—In endeavouring to put the criminal law on a sounder basis with regard to murder charges you were pursuing a line with which I am in hearty agreement. That your colleagues rejected your plea for the recognition of insanity as a valid defence matters little. The seed has been sown, and some day an enlightened legislature will eliminate barbarism from justice, and purge the law from the reproach of cast-iron precedent as opposed to scientific knowledge. You have suffered the fate of all pioneers.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—You have had your will, and the Rents Bill is killed. You and your colleagues have also been guilty of some of the most childishly disgraceful behaviour ever seen in a Committee of the House of Commons. That you should desire a clear statement of Government policy is natural. But unreasoning obstruction is a schoolboy's game that ill befits the dignity of Parliament. These are practical days, and you were returned to Parliament to get things done. If the Bill was unsatisfactory it was open to you to amend it. You have failed in your duty, and I hope your constituents will hold you to account when you next seek their favours. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—When your Party took office the Prime Minister heralded the occasion by a blunt threat to Trusts and Rings. When you announced your Housing Scheme I prophesied that the Building Ring would seize the opportunity to jump prices. With a touching faith in human nature you swept the suggestion aside. Nevertheless, the inevitable has happened and building materials are increasing in price by leaps and bounds. The time for enquiries is long past. The moment demands action. What are you going to do about it?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—I have repeatedly drawn the attention of your Department to the pest of moneylenders who annoy decent people by their touting circulars. Their usury is iniquitous and their evil effect on foolish and harassed youths notorious. The least that could be done is to see that the Post Office refused to carry their vile circulars. What is really necessary is legislation to check their blood-sucking trade. JOHN BULL.

To LORD NEWTON, House of Lords.

MY LORD,—I congratulate you on your outspoken attack on reckless motorists whom you, quite rightly, would punish by imprisonment. The great majority of motorists are both skilled and careful drivers, but the mistaken leniency of magistrates in dealing with proved cases of dangerous driving results in the innocent motorist being prosecuted for trivial technical offences while the roadhog escapes the just penalty for his recklessness. If both police and magistrates concentrated on the real offenders, the roads would quickly become safe for both decent motorists and pedestrians. JOHN BULL.

RAMSAY: "That's the wrong dress for the Reparations Court, my lad!"

(Germany must not interpret Poincaré's defeat as an incentive to further Reparations quibbling.)

To the CHIEF CONSTABLE, Eastbourne.

SIR,—In common with all decent people, I am disgusted with the morbid and hysterical interest taken in the Crumbles mystery by the silly women who daily flock to the scene of the tragedy. That you have allowed such scenes at all is a matter of surprise to me. Cannot you put a stop to them? It seems to me that it is your duty to make it plain that a ghastly murder is not a free entertainment. Put a cordon round the place, and exclude everyone but the police and the responsible officials. JOHN BULL.

To the MANAGING DIRECTOR, Southern Railway.

SIR,—With telephone charges at twopence everywhere else, the public has to pay threepence on the Waterloo Station. Why is this? I cannot believe that you are deliberately exploiting the public, and if your explanation is that the machines are your private property, then I shall have to ask the Postmaster-General why he permits private competition. I give you a chance first, however, to alter your arrangements. But you must do it quickly. JOHN BULL.

To LEONARD ROPNER, Esq., Rimswell, Stockton.

SIR,—Your public-spirited action in giving £10,000 to your local hospital for alterations and enlargement should put the Government to shame. I have no wish to see hospitals strangled by State control, but that they should be entirely dependent on private charity is intolerable. You have shown the way. The Government should follow your example and subsidise the hospitals without attaching conditions to their grants. JOHN BULL.

To H. J. RATHBONE, Esq., Agent, Bodidris Estate.

SIR,—Because Mr. C. O. Jones dared to rest on the moors over which you rule, he has been the recipient of letters from you that would not have disgraced a feudal baron. If you are unaware that trespass without damage is not trespass, permit me to inform you of the fact. Your dog-in-the-manger attitude is so widespread where heather-moors, hills and forests are concerned that I hope the Access To Mountains Bill will speedily put check to such people as you who wish to prohibit their fellow-men from enjoying the beauties of their own country. JOHN BULL.

T. L. THOMAS, Esq., Federation of British Coal Merchants.

SIR,—Your open refusal to give Mr. Shinwell the figures he wants, and the subscription of £3,000 to "buy" favourable news from the newspapers, strikes me as an ingenuous admission that I am right when I accuse your fraternity of gross profiteering. Nothing could have been easier than to refute my case by the production of your accounts—if I was wrong. People who hide have presumably very good reasons for fearing the light. If the desire to prevent the consumer being fleeced is, as your chairman called it, "political jobbery," write me down a political jobber. JOHN BULL.

To Police-Inspector WILLIAM COCKFIELD, Richmond (Yorks).

SIR,—Have you taken leave of your senses? Or are you one of those subordinate officers who believe in taking full advantage of the superior's absence? Whatever the reason, there is no excuse for your insulting remarks regarding one of the decisions of the Scorton magistrates. If they like to let eleven defendants off by paying the costs in a charge of being on licensed premises during prohibited hours, it is not for you to address critical comments to the Bench. I am glad they gave you a dressing down. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

A JOB FOR EVERYBODY!

Dawn of Peace

THE war lords have fallen. In our country we have bidden a not reluctant good-bye to one after the other of the demigods of Armageddon. Now comes the crash of Poincaré, which we have long prophesied as the inevitable result of the first genuine appeal to French public opinion.

No harsh words have been spoken of the fallen leader in any responsible quarter. According to his likes, Poincaré was a patriot—to which the cynical might be tempted to add "in the worst sense of the term." But the downfall of M. Poincaré is not a matter that can be passed over.

France is a democracy. At length her people have learned the lesson of all recent European history that the policy of hate is a boomerang recoiling upon the heads of those who indulge it. A new mood has come over the nations. Never again will free men consent to offer themselves up as cannon fodder in a quarrel not of their making.

Now, if never before, the peoples of this planet range themselves solidly on the side of the Prince of Peace.

Perhaps there is a moral in the fact that one way or another the war lords, without exception, have been dismissed from the conference of their respective nations. The fall of Poincaré gives Mr. MacDonald an opportunity not merely to indulge in moral gesture, but to secure a policy of friendship and good will between the nations.

Eternal Squabble

THIS everlasting question of wages! No sooner is an intelligent beginning made with the housing problem than there is a rampage of skilled men demanding higher remuneration. They want twopence an hour more and the employers offer a halfpenny. This is called a compromise, and the men reject with scorn.

The truth is, of course, that the employers are demanding profits on the pre-war scale, and the men, shrewdly realising the position, claim to share the "boodle."

The question for the nation, however, is: Is national housing to be held up on such a narrow pretext? The State, if it will, can build its own houses. The employer occupies no more useful role than that of a middleman between the worker's capacity and the nation's need.

If he cannot solve his difficulties with the workmen, who, as they rightly appreciate, are essential to his profitable conduct of the business, he must stand aside and let Mr. Wheatley see what direct labour can do towards solving this most clamorous of our social needs.

Why not Everybody in a Job?

AGRICULTURE is the Cinderella of British Industry, and yet it is on our neglected land that we could find work for our million unemployed. Will not the Government lead the people back to prosperity?

THERE was a popular song a few years ago which declared that "God gave the land to the people." It was bad poetry, but it was good politics. For, when all is said and done, the land problem lies at the very root of our social disorders. We make bold to say that the first Party to recognise this fact, and to act upon it, will be the first Party to command a clear and workable majority in the House of Commons.

Two salient facts confront us. There are more than a million unemployed. The land, however, is short of workers, the official returns put the shortage at no fewer than 3,290,000—a total more than trebling the aggregate of the unemployed in all industries. In plain terms, we have more than a million men and women for whom we cannot find work away from the land, and more than three millions might be put into jobs if the land were used as it ought to be.

Is there no means of bringing these warring facts into some sort of social harmony? Seventy years ago one in ten of our population was engaged in food production. Then something went wrong. Twenty years later, only one person in thirty looked to the land for a living. At the last census the ratio had fallen to one in forty-five.

A CERTAIN school of political thought blames this decline upon Free Trade. We cannot accept this view. British agriculture had begun to fail in the era of high tariffs. In any case, it would have been madness to bolster it up by levying starvation taxes on the food of the people. That was the landlord's remedy. The popular ballot killed Protection, but, unfortunately, democracy has so far failed to evolve an alternative policy for the development of the land.

The truth is we are wasting our prime asset. The Report of Lord Selborne's committee clearly showed that through our neglect of agriculture we are importing into this country £200,000,000 worth of foodstuffs annually, which, with better management, we could produce at home.

What is the remedy? Not tariffs, which, if applied to foodstuffs, would simply mean setting town against country and breeding all-round discontent. We must make agriculture a remunerative and attractive employment for many women of ordinary human instincts. In France a small landed proprietor is the backbone of the nation. Why has Denmark, a little nation not dissimilarly placed from ourselves in natural fitness for the culture of the land, been conspicuously successful in agricultural pursuits?

In Denmark, farmers have thrived as they have in Southern Germany and elsewhere in Europe, because their respective States take sufficient interest to lend a hand and push on the business. The British Government must do likewise. Too long has agriculture been the Cinderella of British industry.

WE can solve our unemployment problem by making proper use of the land. We wish we could feel that in the present Minister of Agriculture we have a statesman of sufficient insight and intelligence to lead this nation towards a firm and enlightened grasp of this great problem. Perhaps Mr. Noel Buxton is still wearing his considering cap.

This form of headgear is a shade too popular with the present Ministry.

Children's Doles

IN some ways we are a barbarous people. Even when we seem most civilised we lag terribly behind ordinary human standards. For instance, the Government now proposes to extend the Unemployment Insurance to cover the non-earning periods of children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years.

Our view is that these youngsters have no business at work. Their proper place is at school. The mere fact that it is found necessary to provide "doles" for them proves that they have no legitimate place in industry.

They should be kept on at school and turned into well-instructed citizens.

Money spent on education is always an investment. We are convinced that, in the long run, to raise the school leaving age would be a sound economic proposition.

As it is, a vast army of children leave school every year at a much too early age, only to offer their immature efforts in the wages scramble to the detriment of skilled hands.

The remedy proposed by the Labour Government is at very great cost to cover these children against unemployment risks. The better plan surely would be to raise the school-leaving age and to say to the boys that till work can be found for their fathers there is no proper place for them in the hurly-burly of industrial life.

If the Government persist in its plan the moral impetus will be all in the wrong direction.

We appreciate the necessity for the dole; but have no fancy to see children started in life as paupers dependent on State relief.

Sunday Morals

WE all remember Macaulay's gibe at the Puritans who objected to bear-baiting, not so much on account of the pain occasioned to the bear as of the pleasure afforded to the spectators. The thrust was a true one.

From time to time we have a Puritan revival, and we see the same spirit at work. One of the latest examples has been seen at Folkestone where a number of gentlemen forming the local Council have vetoed the harmless recreation of golf on Sundays. Most of these worthies, be it whispered, have their own private means of Sabbath relaxation.

But when it comes to ordering the affairs of the borough at large they must needs play the Stiggins and kill other people's amusements.

In London we have been deprived of the right of visiting the Wembley Exhibition on a Sunday through the activity of these same fanatics.

The Rout of the *Daily Mail*

by A. G. GARDINER

IN her repudiation of Poincaré and his disastrous Ruhr policy, France has come back to sanity and confounded the Rothermere Press—whose mouthings so sadly misinterpreted British public opinion. At last there is hope for Europe, and the future of the world is brighter than it has been for years.

M. Herriot, who will probably become Premier of France now that M. Poincare has been decisively defeated.

FRANCE has thrown off its Old Man of the Sea, and the sky of Europe is brighter than it has been for ten years. The long battle between this country and M. Poincaré has ended in the rout of that obstinate pedagogue. He has held up the peace of the world and the prosperity of this country against four British Prime Ministers in succession, but now he and his policy are destroyed by the verdict of his own people.

Before turning to the significance of this great and hopeful event, I may be permitted to say a word as to its bearings on the Rothermere Press. There is no doubt that its mischievous activities have been largely responsible for the calamitous reign of the French Bismarck. Day by day it poisoned the public mind against the British Government.

Its frenzied crusade not only imposed on simple-minded people here: it encouraged Poincaré in his defiance of the British Government. And now France itself, at the first opportunity it has had, has repudiated him and rolled him in the dust, and there Lord Rothermere lies with him.

Lord Rothermere has set his loud-speakers at work to explain that it is not Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr that has led to Poincaré's downfall, but the cost of living, the new taxation, and domestic discontents.

THE whole policy of Poincaré was summed up in the Ruhr. Upon the success of that adventure he based all his calculations. It was to do two things. It was to give France a political and economic stranglehold on Germany that would prevent that country reviving, and it was to supply France with an inexhaustible revenue that would make taxation light and the people prosperous.

That policy was opposed by four British Prime Ministers in succession. It was opposed by them on two grounds, that it was morally wrong and practically impossible. It was impossible because, even if the destruction of Germany were desirable, no nation of sixty million people can be permanently destroyed, and the attempt to hold them in perpetual servitude would keep Europe in a state of ceaseless upheaval and disturbance. It was impossible for another reason. If a debtor owes you money the worst way to get it is to make it impossible for him to earn money by smashing up his business machinery.

The British argument has been that the debtor should be allowed to get on his feet and work in order to pay his debts. Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr was the policy of holding the debtor on the ground and rifling his pockets. But it is the power of production which constitutes wealth, and in order to produce you must be free to work.

POINCARE was impaled on the horns of his own dilemma. In going into the Ruhr he gave France a political and economic grip on Germany's throat, but he stopped the flow of reparations. He had promised that the adventure would be profitable. It has not been profitable, but enormously unprofitable. Instead of taxes going down, they have gone up. Instead of the cost of living being cheaper, it is dearer. Instead of the franc being more stable, it is as nervous as a cat and, but for the help of British banks, would have collapsed last spring altogether.

And it is because of all this that France has swung to the left, thrown Poincaré overboard, and called a new pilot to the helm. The Poincaré game is played out. France itself is sick of it and has given the mandate for a change of plan. The British policy, which has been defeated for years, now holds the field, for there is no other alternative. It is embodied in the scheme formulated by the International Commission in the Dawes report.

That report fixes the amount that Germany has to pay yearly, it indicates how it is to be paid, it provides the machinery which will secure that it is paid, and it stipulates as the essential condition of the scheme that the Ruhr shall revert to Germany and that the political and economic integrity of the country shall be restored. On no other condition will the scheme work. Poincaré made it clear that he would not go out of the Ruhr until the money was paid, which was equivalent to saying that he would not go at all, and that he would not have the Dawes scheme. And on this policy he has been rejected by France.

NOW at last we can get to business. There is no disagreement on the financial aspect of the matter. The Dawes way is the only way of making Germany pay, for it gives that country the freedom to work, the control of its resources and the incentive that in time it will pay off its debts. The scheme has been endorsed by England, Italy and Belgium, and has the enthusiastic support of America. It is expected that the German Government will accept it. Now that France itself has disowned Poincaré, we may assume that it will go through in its entirety. Poincaré will foam, the Paris Press will foam, the Rothermere Press will foam; but the Governments and peoples of Europe are solid behind the Report. For the first time since the war there is a policy on which the Allies are agreed and in regard to which the public opinion of Europe is practically unanimous.

There is one fly in the ointment. France wants money, and under the Dawes scheme she will get it; but she also wants security. Poincaré thought that the way to get it was to dismember Germany and make it economically a pauper State. That has failed; but the need for security remains. It cannot be attained by the old method of secret alliances. This country will never enter into such compacts again.

BUT it can be reached in a better way. The League of Nations Covenant is the kernel of the Treaty of Versailles. Its aim is to stop the preparations for war and to make the outbreak of war impossible. Let this country, under the sanction of the League, invite France and all the other countries that have signed the Covenant to denounce war as a crime to be punished with the whole power of the signatories.

Not till we have formally outlawed war can there be security for France or for any other country. That is the next step in the reconstruction of Europe. Let England lead the way.

The Press of the country should be a noble instrument of light and leading.

Carrion Crow

Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., whose vision of England is apt to be blurred!

MOST of us have tried at one time or other to define the thrill of pride and affection inspired in us by the word "England," and have found it as difficult as it is for a passionate lover to explain his lady's transcendent and incomparable superiority to any other She that ever lived. Such emotions are too subtle for analysis.

Mr. Baldwin, most "human" of politicians, has lately been moved to make the bold endeavour; and, in the result, he has conjured up a word-picture.

To Mr. Baldwin's mind England conveys "the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil of a country smithy, the corncrake in the dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill; the wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load of hay being drawn down the lane in twilight, and, most moving, the smell of the wood smoke going up in the autumn evening." It is a beautiful picture, but it doesn't tell all.

In the same newspaper where I read it I found another picture of England, a corner suddenly lifted to renown by a ghastly horror unsurpassed in the annals of crime. And the newspaper writer thinks "it is little wonder that a curious public should want to find its way into the little bungalow of death, and be willing to pay £1 a head to be allowed to pass beneath the trellis archway, as a motor-coach load of people wanted to do yesterday"!

Oh, Mr. Baldwin, the England of your vision, the England that we love, can your imagination fit this assemblage of ghouls into the fair picture that you drew? I have heard of crowded charabanc "excursions" to the gruesome scene. I have been told of people who own motor-cars directing their joy-rides to the shambles.

I have read of queues of men and women, jostling for a glimpse of the charnel-house, of obscene scrambles for "souvenirs," of hissing and hooting for a suspected murderer as yet untried, of little babies lifted up in motherly arms for the treat of seeing the house where a woman's body was hacked to pieces!

Shocking the *Morning Post*

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

THERE is something in the present social atmosphere which is blighting to the high life of the human race, says our contributor, discussing Conservatism. Unless the Party recovers its spiritual impulse and makes war upon materialism, it will never command the allegiance of the common people.

THERE is a new note in the letters which reach me through this paper. My correspondents are coming more and more to agree with my point of view, which is that of a sympathetic political rationalist; but, nevertheless, they cherish a strong and sometimes flaming hatred of the present social system.

They agree that Socialism may make matters worse, and not better; they perceive that without a flourishing industry there can be no improvement in the lot of the common people; they acknowledge that unless Labour is reasonable and honest it is not to be expected that Capital will entrust it with its services; but, all the same, they cry out to me that for millions of people life is hard and cruel, that the heart of democracy is being broken on the wheel of economic law, and that only the Socialist seems to care a brass button for the sorrows of the poor and the sufferings of the oppressed.

I should like to get this point of view into the Headquarters of the Unionist Party. I should like Colonel F. S. Jackson, that gallant cricketer and honest Englishman, to sit down and debate this most important aspect of the political question with Mr. H. E. Blain, who is no profiteer and no parasite, but a man who has honourably made his own way in life by admirable services rendered to the British public.

WHY does the average Conservative fail to convince the depressed and unhappy working man that he is genuinely concerned to improve his lot, and is honestly persuaded that his practical remedy for social ills is better than all the hot-air of the Socialist?

I have long thought, and my correspondence during the last six months dramatically confirms me in the opinion, that the Conservative is almost hopelessly penalised in appealing to the confidence of democracy by the spirit of dishonourable selfishness and affronting ostentation which regulates the life of fashionable people.

IT does not matter that five Conservatives out of ten dislike this stupid vulgarity, take no part in it, and live very simple, law-abiding and useful lives. To democracy, looking up from its foul slums, and carrying in its heart a bitterness which education has infinitely intensified, the life of Fashion is the private background of official Conservatism, and it is from that jazzing jungle of sensual pleasure and reckless animalism that the embittered artisan sees the Conservative approach him at election times with wordy sympathy and a lecture about economic law.

However irrational this point of view, however absurd and unfair, there it is, and no argument will get rid of it. Again and again my correspondents refer to the people who go every winter to the Riviera, demanding of me if such creatures are to be regarded as patriots, who shamelessly spend abroad many thousands of pounds which, spent here, would give employment to their depressed and out-of-work fellow-countrymen. Letter after letter I receive is inspired by a moral judgment on the rich, and Conservatism is dismissed as a pious hypocrite, because it seems to my correspondents to lend the chief weight of its support to a system which countenances an utterly selfish and wantonly degrading use of the insufficient wealth in this country.

I feel that the Conservative Party might do something to end this dangerous state of mind in democracy by a vigorous crusade against blatant vulgarity and contemptible ostentation. After all, in its essence, Conservatism is a moral force. It is essentially a high faith in the virtue of British character. It believes in duty. It believes in unselfish team work. It believes in human sympathy. It is inspired by the magnificent ideal of the British Empire as a power for good in the destinies of the human race.

Col. F. S. Jackson, Chairman, Conservative Party Organisation, who would do well to note our contributor's remarks.

It has no more to do with negro orchestras in night clubs, pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo, or the photographs of shooting-parties and race-meetings in the illustrated Press than the Labour Party has to do with the drunkenness of the gin-palace and the bank balance of the street bookmaker. Let it make this fact quite plain to the democracy, and the ground would be cleared for a rational exposition of its political ideas.

NO one should so loathe and condemn the follies of Fashion and the iniquitous selfishness of the New Rich as the Conservative. He should see in these degrading things not merely a useful platform for the revolutionist, but a source of corruption for the younger generation. The public school and the university are no longer providing this country with a great race of proconsuls and a strong force of imperial statesmen. Year after year the world swallows up thousands of young men whose education has cost a fortune. They disappear from the national view. They become the recruits of Fashion. They are of no value to the State. Their inevitable and contemptible end is a fat stomach and a club chair.

Is it not for the Conservative Party, above all other parties, to include a rigorous idea of duty, to make everyone who is not doing something useful or noble for his country feel ashamed of himself? Where are its young men? Where is it looking for its Lawrences, its Cromers, its Greys, and its Livingstones? How many Shaftesburys are coming down from the universities this year, how many Kinnairds and Quintin Hoggs?

There is something in the present social atmosphere which is blighting to the high life of the human race. Moral idealism is not flourishing at the head of the State. To be a frank beast is thought a more honourable course of action than to be a stumbling, struggling and praying follower of the Galilean.

WE are becoming almost ashamed of strong feelings and lofty aspirations. How symptomatic of the fashionable mind was the *Morning Post's* comment on Mr. Snowden's beautiful quotation from Sterne concerning the widow who sent a few pence to the Exchequer to repair a sin, that *it was perhaps rather too emotional*! It is just because the fortunate classes are becoming incapable of such emotion that democracy believes them to be incapable of genuine sympathy.

For myself, I am convinced that unless the Conservative Party can recover its spiritual impulse and proceed to make war upon the destructions of materialism, it will never command the allegiance of the common people.

ows of Crime

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

Is it not a pitiful, is it not a humiliating and a shameful thing to see Englishwomen making pilgrimages to such a scene, and turning its awful butchery into a raree-show for children; to see people of means, reputed to be "respectable," driving their motor-cars to the spot for the "pleasure" of revelling in its reek of blood and crime; to read of excursionists, oblivious of the flowering orchards and dark rich ploughlands of beautiful Sussex, eager "to pay £1 a head" to wallow in the horror? And what are we to think of the mentality of the writer, an instructor of the people, who thinks it "little wonder that a curious public" should so disgrace itself?

Major Kindersley and Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy have very rightly asked Ministers in Parliament why the authorities allow, and even help, the Press to stimulate and feed these carrion lusts. We spend great prodigality of talk, and of money which is much more scarce and precious, in efforts to refine the tastes of people whose opportunities of culture have been starved. We are burdened with heavy taxes to provide free schooling for the children, and libraries, museums, and art galleries for their parents. All factions amongst our legislators are agreed that familiarity with beautiful things, the understanding and love of loveliness in literature, sculpture, and painting, are almost as helpful to decency and sweetness of life as fresh air, sunshine, healthy games, and access to Mr. Baldwin's England.

Yet whilst on the one hand we lavish treasure to provide these wells of cleanliness, on the other we allow them to be defiled by floods of journalistic sewage, whose inevitable effect must be the spreading of moral pestilence among the ignorant and shallow-pated.

The Press should be a noble instrument of light and leading, ever keen and busy in the cause of national health and culture. Instead of which, whenever a particularly loathsome and sickening crime occurs, the most expert "special" writers are sent to gather round the reeking cauldron of horror, and stir its awful contents, like Macbeth's witches, to make it "thick and slab" for the nurture and delight of morbid and putrid appetites.

Murders, like other happenings, must, of course, be reported; but need the reports be served up as orgies for the vicious, and appetisers to the latent criminal lusts of the feeble-witted?

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A GOOD barrister is seldom a good judge. Broadly speaking, the better the liar the better the barrister. But a first-rate judge must of necessity have a first-rate mind, in which there must be as little room for deception of others as for self-deception. Integrity, not cuteness, should be the attribute of the judge.

The same quality that makes Lord Buckmaster one of the greatest judges of our time (although he was never a judge in the High Courts) makes him useless as a politician. A man of honour himself, he steadfastly believes in the uprightness of his political colleagues. A true Liberal of the old school, he finds it impossible to realise that present-day Liberals have bartered their creed.

Long before it became the fashion to prophesy the doom of the Liberal Party I had predicted it here. Before the election of 1922, and again before the election of 1923, I foretold it in these weekly sketches of mine. Now it has become a commonplace to say that the Liberals will split and join one or other of the alternative Parties.

FOR the sake of Lord Buckmaster and a few others it will be a pity. Because Lord Buckmaster represents the very best in Liberalism. He stands for progress in its sanest sense. He does *not* stand for opportunism and all the other shady factors introduced into the Party by Lloyd George and his spiritual brethren. This means, probably, that the few gentlemen left in the Party will be forced to retire from politics.

In Lord Buckmaster's case this will not be a very serious wrench. He has never been a Party politician. He has always had a mind above that sort of thing. Several times, when he was in the House of Commons, he attacked his side; but his purpose on each occasion was so obviously disinterested that his side on nearly every occasion decided to profit by his advice. He has always been respected as a man of ideals, on whom the dictates of conscience and humanity have ever had first call. Perhaps the finest tribute one can pay him is to say that as a Party politician he has been an out-and-out failure!

IN future ages he will be chiefly remembered for his fearless and passionate endeavours to secure reforms in our Divorce laws. No words could do justice to this aspect of his activities. But he was up against stark prejudice and incurable dishonesty, and they were too much for him. Temperamentally and intellectually he is a "minority" man. Sane reform numbers few supporters in an insane world.

Lately he has again given proof of his exceptional judicial ability. He has handled the Enquiry into the Coal question in a manner that should convince both sides of the reasonableness and impartiality of its findings. There is probably not another judge in the kingdom whose services in trade disputes will be of such value to the country.

Lord Buckmaster.

PERSONALLY, he is a warm-hearted, high-spirited, simple and lovable man, with a genius for making and keeping friends, and a distinct gift for making and keeping enemies. His only serious failing is that his choice of both does not always do credit to his otherwise admirable judgment.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Church on its Trial

by HARRISON OWEN

IN a voice which plainly indicated that he was both shocked and pained, the Archbishop of Canterbury pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of being managing director of an organisation employing sweated labour.

The charge, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained, was based on facts set forth in the report of the Commission of Inquiry into the property and revenues of the Church of England, which document showed that out of 13,000 benefices more than 10,000 yield less or not more than £500 a year, while the average payment received by 4,456 curates is £225 10s.

"Only the presence of a number of comparatively well-paid curates makes possible even this miserable average of about £4 a week," continued Mr. Watchdog, "for many of these workers in the Lord's vineyard receive considerably less than £4. Furthermore, while there are 4,087 benefices with a net income of only £300 or under, a sum of £168,241 is required to pay the salaries of a handful of bishops. Yet the late Bishop of Gloucester stated that his income of £3,000 was inadequate, while the Bishop of Worcester declares that he 'has merely food and raiment and a roof over his head.' What, then, must be the position of a curate in receipt of £2 weekly?

"The whole question of church finance," said counsel, "requires to be vigorously dealt with, for the system of greasing the fatted pig is carried on to a scandalous extent. The Bishop of Oxford, for example, with an income from this position of £2,648, is also Dean of Canterbury (salary £2,000), and in addition holds two benefices, which brings his total income up to £8,684. I do not suggest that the gentleman in the dock is personally responsible for this scandalous state of affairs, but, as head of the Church of England, he is at least nominally responsible."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that in criticising the incomes of some of the more highly paid clergy, Mr. Watchdog had failed to take account of the high cost of "livings." A bishop had to reside in a palace so that the world might know how much more holy he was than a hard-working parson in an East End slum, and palaces were costly to maintain. A bishop was really a Harley Street practitioner in the spiritual realm, and, being required to look after the souls of the Very Best People, must inevitably be more highly remunerated than "panel parsons," whose concern was with the ailments of common or garden souls.

The jury found that the case against the Archbishop had not been proved, adding a recommendation that immediate steps be taken to ascertain who actually was responsible for the conditions.

Expressing agreement with the verdict, Mr. Justice Bull remarked that, bearing in mind a well-known Biblical aphorism, it seemed to him that it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for certain gaitered super-taxpayers to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. "Instead of placing after their names the letters D.D.," continued the judge, "many Doctors of Divinity might more appropriately place the letters L.S.D. I can only hope that the Archbishop will be able to evolve some scheme which will reduce the striking disparity between his own income of £10,000 and the miserable pittances paid to many of his clergy."

Broken on the Wheel

By the Rev. F. W. NORWOOD *(Pastor of the City Temple)*

IN the present-day desire for increased production we are forgetting the human factor in industry. Are we only to produce "goods," and never to produce men? asks the writer in this vigorous article. The employer whose only idea of reducing costs is to reduce wages must give place to the enlightened man who saves money by better machinery and larger output.

THE secret of cheapness, and even of quality, lies in the quantity of goods it is possible to produce. Everywhere there are factories running at half pressure, and often less than that. There are still over a million unemployed in Britain. Desire for all kinds of manufactured goods is greater now than it has ever been. Human beings need more in these days to make life tolerable than their fathers craved to make it luxurious.

The average man has a stake in scores of factories. The industrial world must keep busy to meet the ever-growing needs of the population. Industry must produce more and more to keep the world going.

The goal of every manufacturer is production on a large scale. Planning for it keeps him busy for nine-tenths of his time.

HE explores the world to find raw materials which will bring his product within the reach of the poorly paid classes in the community. He burns the midnight oil devising methods of reducing the cost of production. He studies his wages sheets much more closely than his Bible to find out how he can reduce the wages of his own employees so that he can tempt the employees of other manufacturers to buy.

Unfortunately, since all his confrères are doing the same thing his market does not grow as he would like.

What he saves in factory costs he spends lavishly in advertising. How to persuade the poor that they can afford to buy his goods has become an exact science. Millions saved on costs of production are thus added to the costs of selling.

Advertising is the most flourishing branch of modern trade. Factory managers are bursting with desire to increase the demand upon their plant. But all are obsessed with the idea that they must cut down the purchasing power of their own employees to increase that of the other employees who make up their market. Alas! others are doing the same thing.

MEANWHILE production grows more and more difficult. Workers have grown tired of presenting themselves to the pruning-knife of economy. They have countered mass production and its corollary of reduced cost of labour with mass formations to keep the rates of wages up. The strike is now the Sword of Damocles ever hanging by a thread over the head of the perspiring manager.

All production is periodically stopped, and, of course, all wages. Both sides lose in a week or two more then they will make up in a year, and both drag into their quarrel a multitude of people whose demands for their products and services must perforce go unsatisfied.

The "remedy" is more advertising to stimulate the demand they have stultified. Thus we all want more and more, but produce, relatively, less and less.

Invention continues to increase facilities of supply, but greed on the one hand, and on the other, the strike—a weapon which seems the only one available, but is admittedly clumsy and hurtful—nullify inventiveness by means of preventiveness.

For several years in my somewhat varied career I partly managed a factory. I grew weary of the readiness with which, when trade was bad, we immediately reduced expenses by dismissing hands.

I did not marvel at our directors who would not have known any of the workmen if they had passed them in the street. They dealt only in figures, the comparative analyses which were neatly tabulated for every monthly meeting. I used to save my own feelings by communicating decisions to the foreman so that he might speak the final word to the men.

BUT my perverse and uncomfortable habit of knowing men personally gave me many bad hours. Jim P——, for instance, was always one of the first to be put off. He was the most honest man in the factory; he had ten children, but having been thrown out of his stride in late middle life by an accident, he was, from our point of view, an unskilled worker. There was a place for him when trade was good, but he was easily spared when it was bad.

Harry S—— had two children, but a crippled wife. He did the house-work before coming to the factory and cleared up after getting home in the evening. He also was easily spared. If put off he would not be lost to us. His method was simply to endure the siege, and when trade revived he was waiting at the gate to be re-employed.

I know these personal details are not considered economically important. But they are humanly important.

To Jim and Harry they were the focal points of life, and there are millions of Jims and Harrys. Now that they have got the vote, their trade unions, and even a Labour Government, it is not surprising that they push them forward to the inconvenience of "Sound business."

I somehow think they will never again be thrust into the background. Business, more and more, will be forced to take cognisance of the human factor.

Mr. Herbert Smith, in the coal enquiry before the public, made the statement that if all those who have suffered casualties in British coal mining for 1923 were paraded in procession, marching four deep, with the ranks at intervals of a yard and a half, they would form a line forty-five miles long.

It will be well if both sides approach the problem sympathetically. What is really at stake is the stimulus to production, which is a matter vital to employers as well as employees.

Men who are comfortably off never weary of telling us that

Rev. F. W. Norwood.

high wages for the workers mean increased costs of production. Naturally, men with low wages never can see this, and would be willing to risk high pay for a change!

In America where rates of wages are relatively high, one family in four possesses a motor-car. High wages have really something to do with increased production. They make possible, and, indeed inevitable, improved machinery.

THE one-time popular fallacy that machinery lessens the number of employees required is now almost dead. Up-to-date machinery means increased output, and by lessening costs, puts the product within the reach of a greater number of consumers, which reacts in turn upon the number employed by the industry involved.

The employer, whose only idea of reducing costs is to reduce wages, must give place to the more enlightened man who saves money by better machinery and output.

Uncertainty of employment is as great a shadow to workers as the fear of death, but the difference is that they forget the one but have the other as a bedfellow. They do not understand all the troubles which the management has to endure, but would it not be better if they did?

IT has never seemed to me such a mysterious subject that it could not be explained to average decent men and women. It must be a necessary precedent to the fair sharing of profits, which is the only thing that will ultimately satisfy workers whom we are forced to educate and, having done so, cannot for ever get them to regard themselves as mere "hands."

Put in this bald way, there seems only one answer—Is not the human factor in industry at least as important as that of production? Are we only to produce "goods" and never to produce men?

This is the new orientation which is coming about in industry. To strive against it is like striving against the tide.

Even the Church sees it at last. The Church has been accused, with some justice, of giving too much thought to the land "beyond the stars," and not enough to the grimy place in which we actually live.

THERE is a new temper for which many of us are devoutly thankful. The Church can get whatever she wants provided she wants it badly enough. She has still, to a great extent, the direction of the moral sense of the community. Whenever she loses power, it is because the human conscience accuses her of lagging behind its commands. The next ten years will see a change.

I do not want to see the Church dabbling in the technical details of industry, but I do want, and I do expect to see her make up her mind firmly and authoritatively that men count for more than money; that the Creator left His works unfinished, needing the hand and brain of His creatures for their perfecting, not that the fortunate few might exploit the necessitous many, but that all men should grow in character and power as they develop the latent wealth which He has deposited in the recesses of the earth and given to the soil potency to produce.

WHEN the worker's back is bowed, his mind undeveloped, his character warped by the processes of industry, if men say that is the economic law, I expect the Church to say it is but a figment of the greedy brains of men for the true economic law is in line with the Divine law which intends the happy development of mankind.

The men who could help most are our captains of industry. They will, at least, make it better for their sons if they bring their ripe experiences to the help of less fortunate men who know perfectly well what they want and will never cease until they get it, but are liable through inexperience to blunder badly in the process.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

An Idiot Brother

"THE only surviving relative of my wife is her elder brother, an undersized man of twenty-eight, with a big head and a simple grin, which are the results of an unhappy accident to his mother before his birth.

"My wife, on the other hand, is counted a really handsome woman, and her fine appearance is accompanied by a warm, loving heart which will not allow her mentally deficient brother to be sent away to an institution, but she insists on ourselves caring for him.

"Ever since our marriage three years ago I have put up with his presence in our home, but the task has been a most difficult one. Friends seem to become oppressed by his nearness and curtail their visits as a consequence. Our baby son, too, may grow up with character vitiated by the continuous close proximity of such an imbecile.

"I do not wish to be unreasonable or to spoil the happiness of my wife, but I feel that our welfare necessitates his removal. What do you think is the best plan?"

"Humanist" says: *You may well be proud of a beautiful and generous wife. But I think you are entitled to have your home to yourself. If you could find a home for your brother-in-law where he would be able to develop interest in life and be traine to get something out of it, your wife would probably consent. I am not sure that it is the best thing for a young man, with arrested mental development, to be kept in a private family.*

A Drug Trick

"A DISCHARGED soldier in a decent billet, my good fortune is threatened by a woman whom I met in London over eight years ago. Her husband served with the Australian Forces during the Great War. He and I became close friends prior to demobilisation; after that we drifted apart through circumstances which have led up to my present position.

"The man's wife explained to me that 'Reginald' was craving to try cocaine, of which he'd heard so much. She asked me to help in getting him to drop his fad. I met the man and argued with him at great length—pointing out the grave perils of cocaine and such like if allowed to take root. He was obdurate and so I promised to get him some 'snow.'

"I consulted with a chemist friend of mine and he made me up an obnoxious but perfectly harmless concoction which I, in turn, handed to 'Reginald' as 'snow.' He gave me £5 for the stuff and £5 for my trouble. In telling his wife of my successful ruse, I offered her the £10, but she insisted that I should keep half the money—which, unfortunately, I agreed to do. That was in 1919 and soon afterwards I came over to Dublin and took up my present post.

"Now, Humanist, these two people are in this city, and they have traced me to my job. They have found out I am engaged to the chief clerk's daughter and, in addition to exposing me to my girl, they have threatened to inform the manager of my 'low down trick' in London years ago.

"What ought I to do? My job is an excellent one and I'm on the verge of marrying my girl here. I've refunded the £5 but they still persist."

"Humanist" says: *Tell these people to go about their business or you will inform the police. You have not trafficked in cocaine, but in kindness. They can do nothing to you.*

The Evil Spirit

"I AM forty-five years of age, and up till I was forty I had never touched any intoxicant. One morning I was greatly troubled and suffering very much with toothache. Being at sea as a ship's fireman, my mate advised me to sprinkle a small piece of waste with methylated spirit, and put it on the tooth. I did so, and was relieved, and whenever I was troubled again I applied the same method.

"At last I realised I liked it, and to the curse of my life I started to drink it seriously. Time passed and I went from one ship to another, till I sank lower and lower and became in the habit of living in the lowest of common lodging-houses. My occupation was begging coppers to supply me with that curse invented by Satan himself.

"I drifted one night in a stupor into a sailors' home, and the missionary, Mr. Turnbull, took an interest in me and fought side by side with me in my efforts to give this craze up. Night after night I walked backward and forward in the corridors, fighting that cursed pest which gripped me, and endeavouring to hold my promise. But, alas! I failed. My promise broken, I told Mr. Turnbull that I had got a berth on a weekly ship and left, after having been provided with a kit; and once more sank down to the bottom, coming only at week-ends to hide the fact that I had failed.

"I pawned everything I had received. Dare I tell him the truth? Perhaps he would turn me away for acting in such an underhand fashion, for I feel that I am going from bad to worse and my brain is nearly drink-sodden.

"Would you please advise me, or write to the missionary for my sake, for I am sure I am going mad and this is killing me."

"Humanist" says: *I am very sorry for you. Go at once to Mr. Turnbull and tell him your story. I am sure he will help you again. Make an effort, not only for your own sake, but for that of your friends, shipmates and family. Be a man and a sailor—and all will be well.*

Death-bed Promise

"MY father died many years ago, and during the war my only brother was blinded and has never fully recovered from the terrible shock. Two years ago my mother died, and before her death made me promise always to care for my brother, who is practically helpless.

"As he needs constant care, I can only work at home, and thus we have to live on the little I can earn, and his pension. I am in love with a young man at present unemployed, but it seems impossible that we will ever be able to marry.

"Meanwhile, a man ten years older than myself has fallen in love with me. If I marry him, he will allow my brother to live with me, and give him all the comforts he so badly needs, and which I cannot give him. I do not love this man, but I know that he loves me, and that I can trust him. Would it be right, for my brother's sake, to marry him, loving another?"

"Humanist" says: *Wait till your young man gets a job—that will solve the problem, which a loveless marriage might only complicate in the long run. If this young man really loves you, he will help you to keep your promise to your dying mother.*

Curse of a Mother

"ABOUT five years ago my brother was connected with the clerical department of the Black and Tan forces in Ireland, and on one occasion his duties took him to a destroyed farmhouse some miles from Waterford, where he had merely to draw up an official account of the fighting which led to its burning.

"Two of the sons of the aged Irishwoman who was the tenant lay dead in the ruins, and in her grief this old widow called down an awful curse on the heads of the military who were present, prophesying that nothing but failure would attend their efforts in life.

"Unhappily, as far as my brother's case is concerned, the prediction and curse have been fulfilled. The failure of the picture house in which he had all his money invested, the suicide of his wife, and the deaths of his two children from influenza have brought him to such a state of utter despondency that we fear for his reason. He insists that it is useless to fight against forces which the bereft mother's curse set against him."

"Humanist" says: *Your brother's misfortunes have nothing to do with the bereaved Irishwoman's curse, which, you might point out to him, was not directed to him specifically, but shared with the military forces then in Ireland. Talk to him sensibly: sympathise with and encourage him. He will gradually get over the blow and forget the poor old woman and her agonised outburst.*

The Exile.

"My husband, an English ex-soldier, living on the dole, wants me and our little girl to go to Canada. I am Dutch and would rather go home to Holland."

A wife's duty is to accompany her husband if he is doing his best for his family. It may be just as hard for him to go so far as for you.

A Burgled Flat.

"My flat has been burgled. But the insurance company, with whom I have lodged a large claim, seem to think it was a 'fake.' I strongly resent their attitude as I am an honest, hard-working woman."

Answer their questions and persist in your claim. Don't be too sensitive. They have their side of the matter to consider, too. Business is business.

The Second Story.

"Some time ago I wrote a short story which was much praised here and in America. I invented the plot. In a newspaper to-day I find my plot, with different names, baldly narrated—and spoiled. Should I write to the editor?"

It is hardly worth while. The plot was stale the second time and badly handled. Write another and better story.

A Timid Mother.

"I am a typist in London, and my mother, who lives in Wales, has got an obsession that the Metropolis is too full of dangers for a young girl. She wants me to go home."

London, like other great cities, has its perils, about which we certainly do our best in JOHN BULL *to warn the unwary. But if a girl uses her common-sense, she can defy all temptations. Millions do it.*

Fear of Publicity.

"A churchwarden friend of mine in town for a holiday was arrested in the West End and charged with insulting women. To avoid publicity be pleaded guilty and was fined. He was quite innocent."

He should have disputed the charge. The police are tempted to be careless in cases of mistaken identity if the persons concerned are frightened to protest. Moral courage and public spirit are the greatest of national virtues.

Exchange and Robbery.

"I cashed a ten-pound cheque for a French friend and got 1,200 francs for it, which I gave him. By the time the cheque was cleared in Cannes, it was only worth 800 francs, which is all my bank got and will credit me with. Who should lose the difference?"

They say that exchange is no robbery. You probably disagree. I think your French friend should make the difference up to you. It was his national credit that fluctuated, not yours; he who was being obliged, not you.

The Interfering Mother.

"I am about to be engaged to a girl who has been betrayed by a cad, but my mother opposes it as she says it isn't right. I am very much in love with the girl, and I have always found her straightforward in everything, and I have good prospects of making her happy. Do you think I should let my mother stand in our light or bar our way to happiness?"

Certainly not. It is a matter entirely for you, and I am glad you have taken so manly a view. If we are going to punish each other for sins already repented and expiated, I should prefer to live in Mars.

The Straight Wrong 'Un.

"A friend of mine fell amongst thieves, who robbed a widow and her son of a thousand pounds. My friend went to jail. Since he came out he worked hard, denied himself every pleasure, and has repaid the thousand pounds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges restitution; don't you think the Home Office ought also, in a case like this?"

I certainly do. It would encourage many a poor devil, striving to regain a foothold on the straight and narrow path. Your friend has shown himself a man. Good luck to him.

Words Winged to Women

Hanging a Woman

by MARGERY FRY (*The well-known Humanitarian*).

WHEN Edith Thompson was hanged the whole country was shocked. For seventeen years no woman had been hanged in this country. Many women had heard the death sentence pronounced upon themselves, but they had always been reprieved.

Edith Thompson and her lover were tried together. They seemed so equal in guilt that no difference in their sentences appeared tolerable. So both were hanged. But the consciences of many people were uneasy. They are uneasy still. "It cannot be right to hang a woman" they say. But is there any sound reason for feeling so differently about men and women?

In those seventeen years since last a woman was sent to the scaffold, women have become full citizens with equal responsibilities in almost every direction with men. Why, then, should we make any distinction when the death penalty is involved?

Do we, by hanging, mean to show our detestation of the crime of slaying? The murderess is every bit as horrible as the murderer. Do we hang as a protection to society? A woman bent on evil is as dangerous as a man, though her methods may be different.

We are driven to see that the reason we experience more horror in the one case than the other is that during those seventeen years we had grown accustomed to one idea and lost the fear of the other.

OUR ancestors lived for a long time content under laws which sent not only men, but women and little children to the gallows, sometimes for thefts not exceeding five shillings.

I believe that all hanging will become impossible in this country when British men and *women* begin to think about it, and realise all that it implies. To my mind the overwhelming reason against capital punishment is the suffering it inflicts on quite innocent persons.

The murderer's relations, particularly his children, are involved in inevitable disgrace by his crime. The horrors of its expiation cut them off entirely from their fellows.

But chiefly we ought to think of those who suffer and yet have no vestige of connection with the crime. The grim gates of prison shut in numbers who are as sympathetic and sensitive as any of us, and to these the horrors of an execution day are insurmountable. The grave dug for the still living, windows being whitewashed to screen a yard, the day without the chapel service—since the chaplain is needed elsewhere—all help to make nightmare.

LONG after the usual hour prisoners are locked in their cells. A terrible silence broods. All know the grim business that is being done, while upon the officials themselves is laid a task that no citizen ought to ask another to undertake in his behalf. By day and night (for a condemned prisoner is never left alone) officers are in close company with a human being in the most terrible situation imaginable.

Remorse, despair, terror, the thought of the irretrievable past are shared, for, detest the crime as much as they will, human pity will not be quite gainsaid.

Is all this horror necessary for security of human life? Only experiment can show whether those who believe it is not, are right or wrong.

Already Britain lags in this reform. Norway, after years of abolition, would not tolerate the reintroduction of the death penalty. A Dutch judge voices his surprise that Britain has any trouble in getting abolition. A Belgian Minister has assured us that executions will never take place in his country again.

There is food for thought here. When the people of this country, especially the women, realise what is done behind prison walls is done in their name, they will act.

What Other People Say

FROM a bulky letter-bag we cannot resist the temptation to draw out two or three letters of appreciation of the splendid services of our Free Advice Service.

They are typical of the whole bag—a bag of gratitude swelled by readers from every part of the country.

* * *

"Thank you for your wonderful help. You have succeeded in getting back from Messrs ——— the money I thought was lost for ever."—*H. L., Glasgow.*

"Acting on your advice, I sold the shares in question, and made a handsome profit."—*Mrs. H. A., Felixstowe.*

"You will be pleased to know that after getting your letter I bought the business, and it is now going on well."—*Herbert Rose, Birmingham.*

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kind advice. You have saved me and my whole family from great worry."—*P. T., Manchester.*

"Thanks to your Service, my pension has now come through."—*F. A. de W., Swanage.*

"Your long letter answering the many sporting questions I put to you is very much appreciated."—*Tom Platt, Perth.*

"I am unable to express adequate thanks for the tremendous trouble you have taken on my behalf. You have saved me much time and money."—*Pat.*

* * *

Our Free Advice Service is at the command of all readers of JOHN BULL. We solve your problems and answer any question under the sun.

It does not matter what your trouble is—Finance, Business, Pensions, Domestic, Babies, Sport, Ex-Service, Wireless, Love, Law,—write to JOHN BULL about it!

We have a staff of experts, ready to help you, each one specialising in a particular subject. Enclose a stamped-addressed envelope with your query, and we will do the rest.

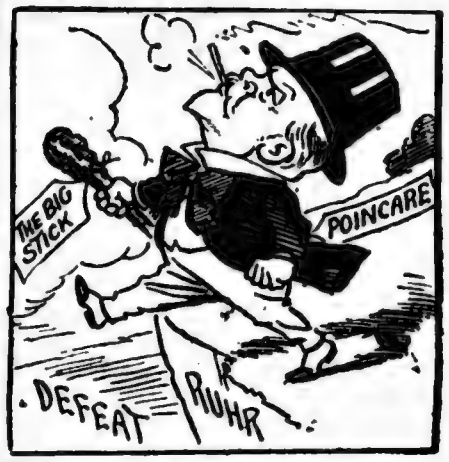
That problem of yours?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

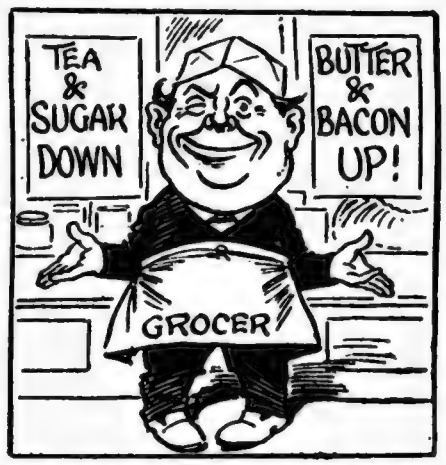
CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

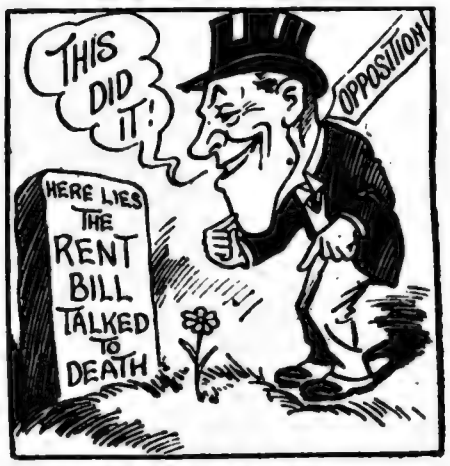


With head in air and eyes a-glare
Towards the brink he pressed,
The men who warned he simply scorned—
(*No flowers by request*).



Just when you think your bills will shrink
You find you're quite mistaken,
For this fly gent can still invent
A way to "save his bacon."

What seemed to be a mystery
At last one understands:
It's just the same old sordid game—
—Too many Clutching Hands!



It's very sad to see a lad
So early robbed of breath,
But sadder still to think that "Bill"
Was simply talked to death.

Duggie for the Derby!

Do your Derby business with Duggie, who originated the concessions enjoyed by backers to-day. His terms cover all points, *and* remember—"Duggie never owes."

John Bull 'naps' Duggie!

"Douglas Stuart is something more than a 'double event king'—he rules an empire of satisfied punters."

—*John Bull.*

Derby

1/3-RD ODDS FOR PLACES.

Market Prices, time of posting GUARANTEED.

No Horses Ever Barred.

Daily Business a Speciality.

NO LIMIT.

Don't Delay. Post To-Day.

Douglas Stuart

5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

—*Vide Press.*

Why Some Derby Horses Lost

Good Excuses Can be Made for Several

FRED DARLING is not a super-optimist, so one cannot hastily pass over the Derby chances of Tom Pinch. I gather that far from being disappointed at the two failures of Lord Woolavington's colt, Darling considers Tom Pinch has done almost as well as he expected.

Layers are taking no Risks.

A large number of equally experienced racing men are certain Tom Pinch will not come down the hill at Epsom. I heard one offer to lay what were extravagant odds about Tom Pinch winning the Derby within half an hour of the colt's defeat in the Guineas, but the layers are taking no such risk.

My suggestion last week that a change of jockeys might be beneficial has aroused some comment in more than one quarter, but whether Archibald will be asked to stand down, I do not know. I believe Lord Woolavington would not be sympathetic towards a certain substitute.

If He Fails at Newmarket.

Tom Pinch would certainly come into popular favour were he to convincingly win the Newmarket Stakes to-day (Wednesday). As I write it has been decided that he could do with another outing, and if Sansovino, as he probably will, St. Germans and Tippler, all join in, Tom Pinch will have something to do. In any case, whether or not he dislikes the descent at Newmarket can be definitely settled. Another failure at this critical point, and Tom Pinch will automatically join the Derby negligibles.

Donzelon looked Backward.

Donzelon is also in the Newmarket Stakes, but he has to show an immense advance on his Guineas running to get near the winner.

The Stockbridge colt ran very badly in the first classic, and although afterwards I was told by a friend who went down to the post with the express object of seeing the condition of the runners, that Donzelon looked backward, I gather that the stable have lost most of the earlier hope they had that Donzelon would win the Derby. One version of his poor display I have had and I am inclined to accept it—is that Donzelon is not too keen on racing.

Spalpeen was Amiss.

Spalpeen is another which shed most of his Derby chances in a lamentable Guineas failure. I did hear that he was slightly amiss on the morning of the race, but O'Neill was very disappointed with the colt's running, which was bad enough to encourage the layers to double his Derby price.

Parmenio's Poor Show.

I can say that Jack Jarvis refuses to accept the Guineas form of Parmenio. This talented young trainer makes fewer mistakes than most of the men in his profession, and he has no doubt about the real Parmenio being some way in front of Plack—which is, or should be, good enough for anything.

Parmenio, I hear, has aroused the suspicion that he is a bit tired of Newmarket. Other horses before him have become fed-up with the Heath, and it was for this reason that Tranquil went to Wantage to have her St. Leger preparation.

Guineas Form is Not the Last Word.

No doubt most of my readers will rely on the Guineas as a guide when the time arrives for their Derby bets, but they should at least appreciate what I have written about Donzelon, Spalpeen, Tom Pinch and Parmenio. Shortish odds never compelled a horse to win the Derby, and never will—there are too many triers for that!

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Newmarket, Wednesday:
SHAMBLES, UNISON,

Thursday:
COROLET, EULOISE,

Gatwick, Friday,
MORALS OF MARCUS,
LONG CORRIE,

Saturday:
RIGHTEOUS, JANSAN.

O. Bell's First Classic Horse.

Ossie Bell has just on forty horses in his stables, and he has been training in this country for a good many years now. Consequently, many of my readers will be surprised to learn that Corolet, whom he trains for Lady Cunliffe-Owen, is the first horse he has ever sent out for a classic.

The horse ran well to finish sixth, but I do not think he need be considered as a likely Derby outsider. He is by Sir Archibald—a non-stayer.

One More Meeting for Bennett.

A new race-course is to be opened this week at Fontwell Park, close to picturesque Arundel. The meeting will be for jumpers, and I know that G. Bennett, the Epsom trainer, hopes to capture most of the spoils.

Ledson in the Saddle Again.

I notice that Ledson, who had his licence withdrawn by the Jockey Club, owing to his riding of Forerunner in the Edinburgh Gold Cup last October, has been allowed to return to the fold.

Ledson rode forty-one winners last season out of two hundred and twenty mounts, his chief victory being on Carpathus in the Northumberland Plate. Previously, he had won the same race twice, on Mynora in 1912, and The Guller in 1914.

Ledson will again ride for Peacock's stable.

A Manchester Cup Pointer.

There is plenty of time for me to deal with the Manchester Cup, the next important handicap. If I had to make a declaration now it would be for Puttenden or Brownhylda.

But, in case anyone is tempted to make a hasty bet, I can add for general information that seldom has this race been won by a light-weight. In fact, good-class animals have a most imposing record in it, and this accounts for the disappearance at the forfeit stage of all the animals weighted at under 7 st. 5 lbs.

My Mail Bag.

My mail bag contains all sorts of racing queries. Some I am able to answer offhand, others take me hours to rake out the replies. However, I like to receive them: they show that my readers are interested in my notes.

A., of Aston, wants to know who was our lightest jockey. I knew the reply to this one. The honour is held by a lad name Kitchener. When he won the Chester Cup on Red Deer his riding weight was only 2 st. 10 lb.

Double Event, one of my London correspondents, backed Rugeley last week, and he asks if the winner of the big race at Chester has ever won the Cesarewitch the same year. I have told him that Willonyx did this in 1911, and that the record is unique.

Jelliss does Not take Risks.

Basil Jarvis made no mistake when he engaged Jelliss as first jockey to the Green Lodge stable; at any rate, Jarvis can have no regrets about it.

Jelliss has not the style of some of his contemporaries, nor the resources of others, but when the money is down he does not hang about, and make a race of it.

Two recent instances of Jelliss refusing to mess about with the opposition when on highly fancied animals were when he rode Winalot at Newmarket and the Thunderstone filly at Hurst Park. The days when jockeys attempted to bluff handicappers by winning by a head—and frequently getting beaten in attempting it—are gone for ever.

Another Doping Scandal.

I wonder why the powers that be have not yet investigated the complaints made in regard to the doping of racehorses at a recent Northern meeting.

Their procrastination gives the Jim Crows and the Kill-joys another opportunity for a tilt at the Turf and, in this case, they have good grounds for a wail. If half that has been said is true, somebody ought to be made to smart.

FRANCE AND THE ASCOT

Our Continental Cousins Expect to Win the Big Race

IT is twenty-one years since the Frenchmen won our Ascot Gold Cup and their opinion is that they never had a better chance since of again doing so than this season.

On the afternoon of the Victoria Cup I lunched at Hurst Park with a friend who told me he was off across the Channel the same evening to see the best French stayers run the following day. "I shall," he added, "see a real Ascot Cup trial and also the Cup winner, Filibert de Savoie."

Can Stay for Ever.

I met him on his return and he was more enthusiastic than ever about this grey colt who comfortably beat the French Derby winner, Le Capucin, and Massine. "This colt," he informed me, "can go for ever and you can have as much as you can afford on him at Ascot."

When I receive advice so emphatically offered I do not ignore the opposition, but I must say a French victory in this great race—which it is—will not surprise me. I have yet to be convinced that Papyrus can stay the distance; Tranquil and Teresina can, but June is not the time of the year for fillies; while Parth has to be taken on trust when a two-and-a-half mile test is applied to him. Eastern Monarch is believed by Jack Jarvis to be another Golden Myth, but the latter did not have a classy lot to beat.

The best of the "defenders" is not unlikely to be Inkerman, the Chester Vase winner, a four-year-old of whom the best has not been seen by a long way. This colt who could not be trained as a juvenile is another example of the patience and devotion which Taylor applies to all the horses he trains.

Beaten by Parth.

I believe Frank Bullock was one of the many who thought that Parth, differently ridden, would have won the St. Leger. This may be so, but Tranquil won so comfortably that I cannot visualise any other result.

It is more to the point that in a finish of heads in the Prix de Arc de Triomphe

"The Guineas"

of the Fancied Division

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Menial. — Pickering's two-year-old must be considered a very unlucky loser of the Claremont Plate. He was fast catching Fianna, and would have won the race in another stride.

Santavon.—This son of Santoi is seven years old, but he is very fit, and is capable of winning a long-distance handicap. He set a merry pace in the Durham Handicap at Hurst Park, and ran most of the horses off their legs. Unluckily, he was up against a good one in Perfectus. He will most likely win next time out.

Skywhite.—Did not get well away last time out, but was going very fast at the end of the race, and was eased by Beasley. Should be noted for her next race.

Piltdown.—This fellow hails from a small stable—A. Day, Arundel—and should not be missed next time out. He was a big starting-price order for the Palace Selling Handicap at Hurst Park when he finished second.

Ragout.—It was not wise to pay too much attention to Chester form owing to the unusual conformation of the track, but it might be as well to remember that Mr. Frank Curzon's horse likes a circular course. He was too nippy round the turns for his opponents in the Belgrave Stakes. He won the same race last year.

St. Clears. — Considering that Mr. Glasspool's three-year-old does not get six furlongs easily he ran very well in the Eaton Maiden Stakes to finish second. Enter him in your note-book for a five-furlong event.

Mr. Bliss.—Elliott's mount, and my code selection, in the opinion of most people present, won the Botcsdale Handicap at Newmarket. The judge thought otherwise, and awarded the race to MacCarthy More. Mr. Bliss is a good, honest performer, and should never be missed.

Blue Lake.—This one missed the One Thousand Guineas as her preparation is being timed for the Oaks. The Manton stable has a penchant for this race.

Iron Mask.—Cottrill's two-year-old had been tried to be better than Sunart before he beat a big field at the Guineas meeting. This is equivalent to saying that the gelding will be winning more races.

Helsby.—As a three-year-old with two naughts before his name this season and a bad record last year, Helsby would not seem of much account. Still, he had some bad luck in the Esher Cup and may easily pop up at a nice price in the Whitsuntide Cup at Hurst Park.

Miwani.—My code selection for the Chester Cup finished third at the nice price of 100 to 7. Towards the latter stages of the race he made up ground at a tremendous pace, overtaking horse after horse. He must not be missed in long-distance races.

Humpty-Dumpty.—Do not pay any attention to Humpty Dumpty's outing at Chester. Wootton's old warrior was left at the post.

My Lord.—Is not a prepossessing horse to look at, but his first race this year suggested that he will be winning a handicap before long. This may be the Royal Hunt Cup, as Mr. Joel's horse needs a straight course. He was in trouble at the bend in the Victoria Cup.

Ballyrag.—I remember seeing this one of East's run away with a hurdle race a few weeks ago at 20 to 1. He put up a good fight at Chester, and beat most of the fancied horses. I should note him for a mile and a half event.

Onega.—A lot of money went west when this Manton horse failed to beat Frater and Audlem. Back him next time out.

PADDOCK PARS.

The first day at Lewes was one for the books. Three odds-on favourites slipped up.

* * *

In the opinion of most racing men this year's three-year-olds are a poor lot, and we may expect another Jeddah or Aboyeur in the Derby.

* * *

With Papyrus in his stable, Basil Jarvis should know if Dawson City has any chance of winning the Derby. The son of Spearmint is being well back at twenty-fives.

* * *

Sunart is credited with the ability to catch pigeons. He caught a few at Chester when he started at 8 to 1 on and was beaten.

* * *

A reader who had £500 to five shillings about Sir Gallahad III. and our Grand National winner, Master Robert, has been asked by the wag, who laid the double to accept £25!

* * *

When is that long-looked-for number-board at Tattenham Corner going to be erected. A member of the Sporting Press made the suggestion to Lord Lonsdale a long time ago.

* * *

Unison is one of the best platers in the country. Back him next time out.

* * *

Jocanta won the Molyneux Plate at Liverpool in the opening week of the season from eleven opponents. Six of the horses who finished behind him have won since then.

"SILVER RING."

GOLD CUP

with Filibert de Savoie

last October, Parth beat Massine and Filibert de Savoie.

That was over a mile and a half, and the Frenchmen are ready and willing to back either of theirs to beat him over the extra mile.

Just as they got a correct line to our middle-distance form when they sent Select on a voyage of discovery in the Hunt Cup last season, so did the Frenchmen consider they knew all about the capacity of our stayers when Rose Prince won the Cesarewitch.

It is to be hoped that the French Cup horses and our own keep fit and well and there will be the most interesting distance race of the century.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers :—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle, and *Chronicle Mid-day* (*Manchester*).

A J O B H C F T 3 I M U P S

Z K 2 Y D E G Q N I. X W V R

How to read the code :—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

R Z 3 R 2 P L 3 2 would read SANSOVINO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 21 to May 27, inclusive.

The Baron of Sunday News says

No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "Generous."

WHITE FISHER & CO

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For Credit Accounts apply :—
70, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
WEEKLY ACCOUNTS. SYSTEMS.
Place money 5 or more runners,
No Limit win or place. Daily Settlements
Send for commissions in your own way. That is our way. Winnings by return. Write for our book of rules and benefits.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTABLISHED
28 YEARS.

A. H.
WESTWOOD,
YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
(The "own name" man and sole proprietor of the business founded over THIRTY years ago),
is giving existing and prospective clients an opportunity of winning
£50,000
ON THE DERBY
IT WILL COST THEM
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
He requests interested gentlemen to apply for particulars and courts every enquiry.
ABSOLUTELY NO LIMIT
At STARTING PRICE.
PLACE BETTING
On all Races with FIVE or More Runners
A. H. WESTWOOD,
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Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about grey hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture :

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken grey, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ½ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does nor rub off."

J. McLAUCHLAN,
54, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.
Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs.
ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.

"One of the biggest—one of the mos financially stable in the country."
SPORTING LIFE, Feb. 2nd, 1924

LETTERS
time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.
S.P. Place Bets one-third the odds : 1-2 if 5, 6, or 7 runners.
Special Credit Accounts. (No references required.)

Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.

11. DUKE STREET. EDINBURGH.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
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ALFRED H. MAURICE,
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THE PEOPLE says : . . . a firm of undoubted financial standing."
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LETTER COMMISSIONS.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
For Credit Accounts only apply to :—
DAVID COPE, 97, Fleet St. London, E.C.4
Send for Price List on future events.

JAMES McLEAN,
12, Woodside Terrace,
GLASGOW, 3.
Now is the time to open a Credit Account
To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.
One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.
No limit for Singles. Doubles and Accumulators.
On July 26th. 1922. I paid £3,836 to £2 for an Accumulator.
Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.
Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters." containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker
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STYLISH COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes
All Garments warranted of best make throughout.
From 5/- monthly
The finest qualities the most becoming fashions.
Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.
WRITE FOR PATTERNS
A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

STERLING VALUE
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The 'HUSH-A-BY' Baby Car

FREE DELIVERY IN LONDON BY OUR OWN MOTORS. COUNTRY ORDERS SENT CARR. PAID, BUT 10/6 CHARGED FOR CRATE AND SPECIAL WRAPPING

SAME DESIGN LARGER & DEEPER £5 - 17 - 6.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT. EST. NEARLY 200 YEARS.

Positively to-day's best pram value, quality has not been sacrificed in this latest "Hush-a-By" model. SPECIFICATION: Deep body, well sprung on equal wheels with heavy wired-on guaranteed tyres. Loose Cushions, Good Quality Hood, Piped Arms and Overend Storm Apron. Plated Tubular Handles, with Celluloid Grip. Colours: Dark Blue, with smoke-Grey Panel. Hood and Chassis Black. Well balanced and easy running. Write to-day for Illustrated List No. 49 of other models, pram rugs, and canopies.

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SARTOLEUM CORK LINO.

Perfect quality, supplied direct at bargain prices.
Cork Lino 3/- per sq. yard.
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Write or call for Folder, showing full range of FREE PATTERNS.
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THE SOUTH COAST LAND & RESORT Co., Ltd.
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Realise by viewing our PATTERN BOOK that Better Curtain Value cannot be found.

You cannot get better Curtain value—every one of our lines is sold at below to-day's manufacturing cost. Careful buying of raw materials at the right time, and huge production enables us to offer our bargains at prices that are unbelievably low. Send to-day and realise that it is hopeless to seek for better value, for better value cannot exist. Our Pattern Book will prove it.

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Our Post Free Pattern Book contains Plain and Trimmed Casement Cloths, Guaranteed Fadeless Cloths, Trimmed Mosquito Nets, and Illustrated List of Lace Curtains. Send a P.C. for it to-day. Orders under £1 send 9d. for carriage.

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F5. The Looms, Bradford

Our Letter Parliament

Magistrates who Muddle

Our Readers Air their Views on this and other Subjects

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Country Roused.

You have done a great public service in drawing attention to the muddling of the magistrates of Weston-super-Mare. No sane person can think for a moment that the cruel sentence on little Reggie Ford will be allowed to stand. The whole country is indignant at such treatment to a mere baby who could not be expected to know right from wrong. The magistrates in question should be severely rapped over the knuckles. There is too much of this harsh muddling going on to-day.—*Mrs. Jones, Glasgow.*

A Grievous Wrong.

With regard to the child sentenced to eight years, I think this is one of the gravest scandals of recent times. The proper place to correct a child is in its own home where it can be checked or encouraged as its conduct deserves. If our Home Secretary is a family man, I think he will right this grievous wrong at once, and see that Reggie Ford has the attention bestowed upon him that his tender years demand.—*G. D. Cowdell, Barnsley.*

Your Child?

Cases of harsh treatment and sentences devoid of humanity meted out by local magistrates are becoming only too common. It is time this was altered. Our system of appointing magistrates is sadly behind the times. Over a million people have read your article on Reggie Ford, a million human beings with blood running through their veins. Will they put down the paper and forget it? In every reader's mind should be the thought: "Suppose my child is ever treated like this?" It is possible. Make it impossible!—*T. E. Townley, Eccles, Lancs.*

Appalling Blunder.

The appalling blunder made by the Weston-super-Mare magistrates in sentencing a boy of seven to eight years in an industrial school must be immediately rectified. Thanks to your exposure public indignation has been aroused over such a sentence, and the authorities will not be allowed to let the savage sentence stand. The Home Secretary must act at once, and I suggest that all readers should immediately call the attention of their Member of Parliament to your fearless article. Children must be protected!—*Henry Waters, Northampton.*

Inhuman Wretches.

After reading your article referring to the treatment the little boy of Weston-super-Mare received at the hands of the justices of the peace, I express hope that you won't let the matter rest. Your power can force the inhuman wretches to make amends for their dreadful mistake. Surely the Home Secretary could not have understood the case, or he could not have fallen in with such a decision. It is time the public demanded that real God-fearing men should sit in judgment on their fellows.—*Mrs. E. E. Porter, Edge Lane Drive.*

A Brutal Sentence.

Your article on the seven-years-old child being sentenced to eight years in an industrial school for keeping a purse he found shows up a grave scandal. The parents, who were honest enough to report the matter to the police, might have been trusted to train up their own child. But the local Solomons decided that the child should for eight years live a hard life of iron discipline! Now that these facts are known, something ought to be done to prevent other children being punished in the same brutal way.—*E. H. G., Upper Norwood.*

Incapables!

The sentence of eight years on little Reggie Ford is yet another sad contribution of gross magisterial misunderstanding. There is not a scrap of justice about it. There is far too much of this "haphazard justice." A man, or woman for that matter, if he is so devoid of sympathy and human understanding, cannot comprehend the true meaning of the word justice. And it is for this reason that we find the magisterial benches occupied by many utterly incapable of administering it.—*H. L. Thoms, Birmingham.*

Instruction in Sex.

A grave social problem, and a source of much serious sin and crime, is the manner sex experience is gained by many of our young people. Girls and boys adventure in the realms of saddest experience out of curiosity. Yet parents hesitate to inform their boys and girls in regard to sex only, responsibility, and the peril of casualty. The subject is too delicate for parents to handle, they say. In view of this would it not be well if there were specially trained teachers to convey the knowledge?—*A. C. M., Blackburn.*

Labour Found Wanting.

Supporters of the Labour Government must have received something of a shock when its attitude towards the Proportional Representation Bill was made known. Instead of supporting this most democratic reform, the majority of Labour members preferred tactics to principles and voted for the continuance of the present antiquated electoral system. This was nothing less than a denial of democratic principles. Here is another instance of the failure of the Labour Ministry to translate theory into practice. Can it be said that the present Government is more progressive than its predecessor?—"*Radical,*" *Isle of Wight.*

Alien Menace.

We all know that this country at present is infested with undesirable aliens, and something should be done to prevent them from remaining here. All undesirables in the country ought to be cleared out. They are not only a trouble to the State, but help to increase the already big army of unemployed.—*T.A.M., Walker-on-Tyne.*

Summer Homework.

With regard to the homework set by schoolmasters, could not the schools make some arrangement so that less homework was set in the summer than in winter? The average schoolboy gets three subjects an evening all the year round. In summer, during the long evenings, this means that after homework is finished the evening is gone. Could not this be rectified?—*E. Ash, Fulham*

The French Debt.

I have read with pleasure the many references made by JOHN BULL *re* the French debt to us. It is not fair that the British workman should be heavily taxed in order that our obligations to America can be met, while France goes on just as she likes. We have been on good terms with France for quite a long time, and we want that friendship to continue, but plain speaking between the two nations is certainly needed.—*Nonentity, Llanelly.*

No Prohibition.

The Bishop of Oxford's Bill to which you refer under the above heading is merely an attempt to foist local option on the country under the pretence of a State Ownership option. It has been proved by the Local Option polls in Scotland, and the Carlisle experiment, that neither of these will promote temperance. The scheme is bound to result in heavy loss of the Exchequer's money, and that will not advance the cause of temperance.—*A. W. Simons, Wood Green.*

Miners as Martyrs.

The miner deserves a living wage, but there is no need for him to pose as a martyr. Other occupations claim their toll of human victims, some, perhaps, in a greater proportion. The end may not be as dramatic and sudden, but who would not prefer the swift and merciful death to the long-drawn-out suffering of consumption contracted in musty shops and offices, of painters' colic, or cotton operatives' cancer? This page would scarcely hold the list of occupations as deadly as the miner's.—*H. Sutcliffe, Oldham.*

Those McKenna Duties

Mr. Gardiner suggests that motor manufacturers in this country are making a false profit of 83 per cent. The only people who make any real profit out of the motor industry at the present time are the working men. Their wages absorb whatever profit is made. A certain French manufacturer sells a car in this country at a price which, including the McKenna Duties, is approximately the same as that of one of the Morris models. The French manufacturer pays his workmen at a rate equivalent to 7½d. per hour. Morris Motors, Ltd., pay 2s. 3d. an hour. When the McKenna Duties are removed, the prices of foreign cars are not going to drop 83⅓ per cent. But any cut will mean that the public will buy those foreign cars, and the British manufacturer, unable to drop his prices to a corresponding level, will be forced out of existence. Will the foreigner then keep his prices 83⅓ per cent. below their present figure? It is perfectly obvious he will not.—*W. R. Morris, Governing Director, Morris Motors, Ltd.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EAST KENT TIMES":—"The BUILDING WAS DANCING TO MUSIC supplied by the J.J.N. Dance Orchestra."

"NORTHAMPTON DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The 'bus was going at about 10 miles an hour and after the impact ran on for about TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS in Court-Road."

"CHIPS":—"Then, in a FEW BRIEF WORDS, Eagle Plume retailed WITH MUCH WEALTH OF DETAIL the terrible plight he had been in."

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—"'I'm one of the fools!' he said hoarsely, while his BLUE eyes, usually so GREY and cheerful, grew tragic."

"TOTTENHAM HERALD": — "JUST BEHIND the cyclist was a steam-lorry on the tram lines. The cyclist appeared to be JUST OVERTAKING THE STEAM LORRY."

"CARMARTHEN JOURNAL": — "Witness examined him carefully and found a definite fracture of the left rib, THREE MILES FROM THE SPINAL COLUMN."

"OLIVE WADSLEY'S WEEKLY":—"Celia drew at his hand deliberately, her face raised to his, her EYES LOCKED IN HIS."

STEPHEN DONOGHUE,
The World-Famous Jockey.
Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0

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WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

We will refund not only the full amount of your purchase but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

SENT CARRIAGE PAID AT OUR RISK ENTIRELY.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

These calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

AN ALL WOOL SPORTS COAT TO MEASURE 26/6

LINED THROUGHOUT FITTED LEATHER BUTTONS

A SUPERFINE SOLID WORSTED SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3-10-0

AN ELEGANT SUIT FOR VERY BEST WEAR

ALSO SPECIAL OFFER OF THE BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

£500 GUARANTEE

WE will forfeit the sum of £500 if our 32/6 Trench Coat is not identical in quality with many coats which have been selling at 45/- and 5 on higher prices. Our price to day in BLUE or FAWN is 32/6 only.

GABARDINE
RUBBER LINING
CHECK LINING
DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer.
The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof.
A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it.
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The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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a fine whisky for friends—

THE PLEASURE of inviting your friends to try a better whisky than they have ever tasted before entails not extra price, but extra knowledge. You must know "P.D." Peter Dawson is a whisky with a future in its past. It is a genuinely old whisky, time-matured and mellowed in wood, a fine blend, aged into excellence, a host's pride, a friend's pleasure.

See that you get the "B ambled" and "Dimpled" bottle when you ask for "P.D."

'P.D.' and Soda Water are a happy pair.

Peter Dawson and Soda Water agree as if each were intended for the purpose of demonstrating the best that is in the other. But always there is the rare Highland malt flavour of the "P.D." blend which, though mixed with more than a mere "splash," asserts its character and refuses to be subdued.

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"TIZ" FOR TENDER, SORE, TIRED FEET

Just put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning feet into a TIZ bath. When your feet ache and burn, TIZ, and only TIZ, will bring relief.

TIZ is grand, glorious for tortured feet. It draws the poisons and acids right out. Stops the pain of corns. Puts your feet into perfect condition.

Get a 1/3 box of TIZ, sufficient for many treatments, from any chemists or stores. Refuse all substitutes. W. L. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W. 13.

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The pick of the Coventry makes on the easiest of all Easy Payments—Best Tyres, Three Speed Gears, Splendidly finished—from £4/10/0

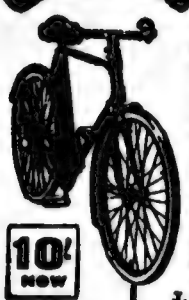
Swifts, Rovers, Triumphs, Coast Royals, Humbers, Premiers. Write now for Free Lists and Expert Advice to:—

GEORGE KING, Dept. 59, Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

GRAVES



The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7:10:0 (Ladies' Model same price)

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed

CATALOGUE Post Free

Complete range of Models

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10/- NOW

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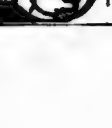
I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/- WEEKLY.

Ltd. O'Brien LTD. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER. DEPT. 27 COVENTRY.



COMPANY MEETING.

EDWARD LLOYD, LIMITED.

Great New Developments.

The thirty-fourth ordinary general meeting of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., was held on May 15 at the head office of the company, 4-7, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, E.C., Mr. Frank Lloyd, the chairman and governing director, presiding.

The secretary (Mr. T. Gerald Denson) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—

As you will have seen in the report the profits for the year show a decrease of £29,421 19s. 11d. as compared with 1919, the last year which can be considered a normal one.

As I anticipated, we obtained a record output of paper, exceeding the previous year's production by no less than 13,244 tons.

But for the losses we sustained by reason of the failure of Becker and Co., Ltd., in October last, which have all been written off, we should have done even better than in 1919, whilst the prospects for this year are very encouraging.

The Preference on Newsprint.

The preference on newsprint so generously granted to this country by Australia and New Zealand materially assisted the British newsprint industry during the period of reconstruction and helped to reduce unemployment at a time when it was very acute. Prices of raw materials now seem to be approaching an economic basis, and I feel confident that in the near future British newsprint makers will be able to bring their prices for export down to a competitive level. We have to thank our friends in Australia and New Zealand, with whom we have had such pleasant relations for so many years, for the confidence they have shown in the early recovery of the British manufacturers from the difficulties of the post-war period.

Extensions at Kemsley.

The important extensions to which I referred at the last annual meeting are now nearly completed, and it is hoped that the first of the two new wide machines will be put into operation in the course of ten days, and that the second will follow some three weeks later. This new mill embodies many interesting new features which will enable us to achieve even greater economy and efficiency than hitherto. Whilst this great development has been in progress at Kemsley we have introduced many improvements to the machines at Sittingbourne Mill, bringing them up to date in every respect, and we are now erecting a new power-house with a 6,000 k.w. turbo generator and a new boiler-house with all the latest methods of economic steam production and utilisation. We are scrapping three of the narrow paper machines and two ranges of steam boilers, all of which have done good service in the past and have now been written completely off our books.

The Accounts.

A careful examination of the balance-sheet will show an even stronger financial position than last year. Stocks and book debts have decreased by £242,614 2s. 11d. Cash in hand has increased by £42,691 19s. 10d., whilst creditors, credit balances and bills payable have increased by £115,325 0s. 4d. Investments show an increase of £70,011 14s. 2d., now amounting to £812,587 6s. 8d., a large part of which will be required for the extensions now in hand and for the garden village we have planned for the accommodation of the employees at Kemsley. No less than £310,456 5s. 7d. was expended at Kemsley and Sittingbourne during the year.

Thanks to the Staff and Employees.

I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing our best thanks to the staff and employees at Sittingbourne and in Norway for the loyal and efficient way in which they have worked during the year. It is specially gratifying to find that, in spite of the tremendous amount of additional work the new extensions at Kemsley have thrown on our staff, there has not been the least sign of any falling off in efficiency in the Sittingbourne Mill, so clearly proved by the record output and improved quality of our product.

Mr. F. N. Lloyd seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of 1s. 3d. per share (free of income tax) was declared on the Ordinary shares, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 10 per cent. for the year 1923. The sum of £10,000 was also placed to pension account.

The retiring directors, Mr. Harry Lloyd and Mr. Herbert W. Clarke, were re-elected, and Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. were reappointed auditors.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

No other Motor-Cycle has all these advantages.

Does Not Skid.
Keeps You Perfectly Clean.
Built on Car Principles.
Has Five Speeds.
Exceptionally Easy to Handle in Traffic.
Can be Ridden "Hands Off."
Speeds from 1 to 40 miles per hour.
Most Economical.

NER-A-CAR

If you will: write us we will send you conclusive evidence of our claims. Send a Postcard to-day to Dept. B.

Manufacturers: The Sheffield Simplex Co., Ner-a-Car Works, Canbury Park Road, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

London and Home Counties Distributors (where the Ner-a-Car can be seen). SHAW & KILBURN, LTD., 113-114, Wardour Street, W. 1.

"I would never like to cycle any more without the Sturmey-Archer"

writes Mr. J. A. Jones, of 48, North Drive, St. Anne's, after 13 years and 30,000 miles of one on his bicycle. The Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear is a necessity once you have used it. Only 21s. extra on a new bicycle and it makes all the difference. Send for cycle gear booklet.

Sturmey-Archer Gears, Ltd., Nottingham.

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FAMOUS Kildare CYCLES

Just 3d. a day

7/6 MONTHLY

Every Cycle Guaranteed

CARRIAGE PAID

Agents for James, Raleigh, Rudge, B.S.A., Humbers, Swifts, etc.

Price List "G" Post Free.

FROM £4 19s. 6d. CASH

WM. WHITELEY, LTD., Queens Road, London, W.2

B.S.A. Bicycles from £9:10:0

There is a wide range of models, and every B.S.A. is guaranteed "Perfect in every part."

Write for catalogue and easy payment terms free.

B.S.A. Cycles, Ltd., 35, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Proprietors—The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

If it's built to a quality standard and not to a price limit it will be fitted for comfort, with a

BROOKS

SADDLE

Bear this in mind when buying a new bicycle.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd., 92, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.

THE "CAPTAIN" CHALLENGES COMPETITION

From Builder to Buyer Direct for Cash or Easy Payment at Astounding Prices. Every "Captain" Cycle is excellently plated, protected with Rust-proof Preventive, carefully enamelled, lined with double gold lines and bears a Lifelong Guarantee.

95/- CASH Carr. Paid — 14 days' Free Riding Trial.

"CAPTAIN" CYCLES — 35 Different Models.

2/6 WEEKLY Carr. Paid — Satisfaction or Money Back.

WRITE, RIGHT NOW!—and receive by return Two Big Beautiful Books, prepared by experts, and Bursting with Bargains. Your acceptance of these 168 page Free Catalogues involves no obligation.

FROM 2/6 WEEKLY

2 Beautiful Books FREE

H. FITZPATRICK

52, Captain Works, BURNLEY

Motoring for the Million

Sack the Jeremiahs!

by MOTOMAC

NOW that the duty question is settled for good or ill, the Motor manufacturers will be well-advised to turn their attention to restoring our faith in British cars. It can be done easily and truthfully by emphasising the real merit of the home productions.

On the day of the Guildhall Reception to the King and Queen of Roumania, I had occasion to walk along the whole line of cars parked in Gresham Street. It is an absolute fact that every car there was British. Daimlers, Rolls, Austins, Sunbeams, Wolseleys, and we can take it that they belonged mainly to successful people who had some idea of values.

At the other end of the scale, the small car. The Land's End trial is open to all members of the Club, who can run any car they possess or fancy. One hundred and eight cars started, and only four were of foreign origin. Out of the four one received a gold medal, but over fifty out of the one-hundred-and-four British romped home with full honours.

ON my desk as I write, there is a letter from an unbiased and satisfied owner of a Rhode car. Incidentally, both Rhodes entered in the Land's End trial got gold medals; 100 per cent. efficient. My correspondent evidently feels that some injustice has lately been done to British cars, for without hope of favours of any sort, he wants people to know of the pleasure and service derived from a car costing under £200.

He has covered 12,000 miles without a sign of trouble, obtaining an average of forty miles to the gallon, and two thousand miles to a gallon of oil. His friend also owns a Rhode, and the mileage of this car to date is 60,000 and still running well.

Having described the car in previous issues we will refrain from repeating ourselves. The point I want to make is that evidence of this description can be got about other British cars from satisfied owners.

It is interesting because it is personal. It makes better reading for intending purchasers than the doleful protests of the last few weeks.

Were I in the motor trade, I would sack all the Jeremiahs, and would keep round me only those who had enthusiasm and optimism.

Provincial motorists will be encouraged by the announcement that the Blue Bird Motor Coy., who render signal service in London by selling petrol below combine prices, have decided on a policy of extension.

I have no fault, personally, to find with the big companies who, by their superb organisation, bring our petrol to our door. It costs something to do that, and we expect to pay for the convenience, but there are times when a little saving, even at the expense of a journey, is appreciated. This little bit of competition may save us from further advances, and the independent company deserve success in their new venture.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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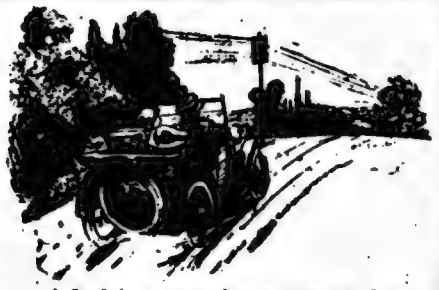
Information desired.....



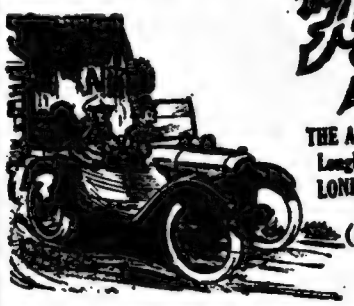
Ask for "Motoring at Tram-fare," depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.

ENJOY LIFE

Seats two adults with children; has electric lighting and horn, complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. 4-cylinder water-cooled engine, three speeds, and brakes on all wheels. Electrical starter.

WITH The Austin Seven

Price complete at Works, £165



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM. LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (near Marble Arch).

"The true embodiment of everything that's excellent."

—*Icilanthe.*

What fun! If you have never tried picnicking our advice is **do**. But look well to the picnic basket and see that it contains all that you will require.

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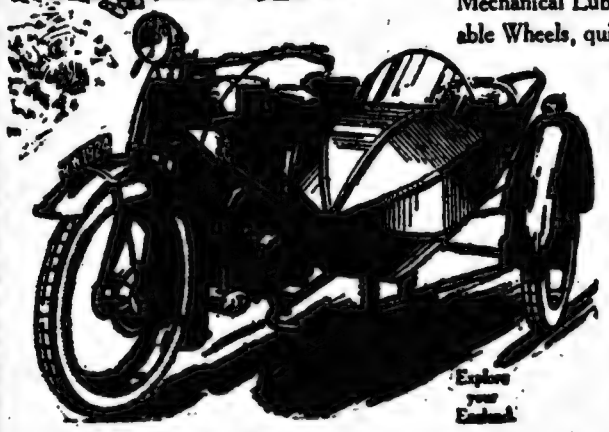

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John Bull's Letter Bag

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

A. S. (Carfax).—"My wife says she can read me like a book." You're obviously a plain type.

S. F. (Terling).—"And don't forget that money talks." Maybe, but it never gives itself away.

C. S. (Findon).—"What a mad race life is!" And how out of breath you are at the finish!

G. R. (Margate).—"I seem to have spent all this year lighting fires." And we seem to have spent it fighting liars.

E. D. (Malvern).—"My sweetheart always smiles when she sees me coming." We congratulate you on not making her laugh outright.

D. E. (Barking).—"In my opinion, M.P.s deserve all they get." That may be. But do we deserve what they give us?

G. R. (Hove).—"I understand fish is good brain food. What sort do you advise?" Judging from your letter we advise a whale.

N. T. (Dorset).—"There's an awful lot of girls to-day don't want to be married." The reason they're not is probably because they're an awful lot.

A. T. (Lancaster).—"About two-thirds of Britain's war-widows have re-married." No wonder scientists tell us that men's faces have grown longer.

E. E. (Bentham).—"I see Henry Ford is going to visit Wembley." Surely, he's been? We saw his car there the other day.

D. D. (Letchworth).—"Isn't it queer that there's never anything joyful about reformers?" But surely they're full of refrains?

G. N. (Hornsea).—"I suppose all the trams will be stopping again soon." Sure! They'll all stop to-morrow to allow passengers to alight.

O. C. (Newhaven).—"I motored sixty miles the other day without meeting a soul." Now you're home it must be a relief to run into people again.

S. R. (Reading).—"I have realised that everything comes to him who waits." But he who goes after it gets it a darned sight sooner.

H. B. (Mortlake).—"No one has discovered the secret of perpetual motion.' The postman who delivers your letters to us has come pretty near it by this time.

T. P. (Greenwich).—"A 'Drunk' at our Court, the other day, pleaded that he had no money to buy food and had collapsed from exhaustion." Evidently, it was the money that was tight.

CYMRO, FORBES and OTHERS.—Financial and legal enquiries cannot be answered on this page. They should be sent to the respective editors, accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

EMMA H. (Southsea).—"The knee skirt makes most girls look short." But it makes the men look longer.

C. D. (Dorchester).—"As you see, I'm a very blunt man." In that case we don't understand your cutting remarks.

L. Y. (Peckham).—"It's not fair to call a boy of ten a thief." Quite so: let's call him a little fellow with taking ways.

L. D. (Oxford).—"Our dramatic society is going to do "A Comedy of Errors." It no doubt will be.

H. R. (Lincoln).—"Until two years ago I used to be an organist." What happened—did the monkey die?

N. M. (Stourbridge).—"The marvels of wireless have set me thinking." Wonderful what wireless can do, isn't it?

W. A. (Oxted).—"I think modern evening dress is most becoming." Some of it seems a bit late in arriving.

P. H. (Bexhill).—"Can judges increase sentences on appeal?" Certainly: don't take the risk.

R. S. (Bognor).—"Since the war there has been great profiteering in poultry." Sounds like a fowl affair.

V. L. (Nottingham).—"When will our Government wake up?" Sh! Not so loud!

J. P. (Derby).—"We should remember that man came first and woman came after." Yes; and she has been after him ever since.

J. B. (Petworth).—"I am coming through London on my way to Hull. How can I avoid the roads that are up?" Go by boat.

G. L. Y. (Peckham).—"Speaking generally, the music played in West End theatres is excellent." The audience is speaking generally, too.

G. W. B. (Gweedore).—"What's your opinion of a man with no manners at all?" Well, he's better than a man with bad manners, anyway.

F. H. J. (Putney).—"I saw a man riding on a Tube escalator the other day facing the opposite direction to which he was going." Sheer bravado, we suspect, by a Wembley switchback fan.

G. J. (Walton-on-Thames).—"There are very few anglers in the House of Commons." And yet most members claim to know a red herring when they see one.

B. S. (Felthorpe).—"The average profiteer cannot boast about his family tree." Possibly it's too shady.

B. P. (Welwyn).—"I don't think the enclosed good enough for publication." Two minds with but a single thought!

D. H. (Dublin).—"A straw shows which way the wind blows." So does a bowler unless you grab it in time.

J. B. (Victoria).—"The Civil Lord of the Admiralty doesn't know his job." Well, that's Frank.

M. C. T. (Sudbury).—"Bread is more easily digested when it is two days old." That's stale.

L. M. (Leicester).—"Please say something withering to this man." Righto! Lightning!

T. M. (Blackpool).—"I can't keep an idea in my head for two minutes." Possibly it objects to solitary confinement.

A. D. (Grimsby).—"Now the bakers are threatening to go on strike." For more dough, *of course*.

G. S. (Streatham).—"Present-day politics make me tired." We wish they'd make you too tired to write to us about them.

B. B. (Chertsey).—"A circus performer must keep strictly sober." Of course. Who ever heard of a tight rope-walker?

D. P. L. (Chester).—"Women's fashions nowadays are really awfully simple." And the bills are simply awful.

L. S. (Wigan).—"I have decided not to go to Wembley." We understand that the Exhibition, though staggered, is to carry on just the same.

G. H. (Beaconsfield).—"Experience is the greatest asset a boxer can have." Some of our heavyweights, however, know the ropes *too* well.

H. J. L. (Uxbridge).—"Politicians seem to lose their tempers very easily." They do. It wouldn't surprise us if there were another Snap Election.

G. K. Y. (Blackheath).—"Some charwomen are surprisingly good cooks." Others, however, merely live up to their names, and char.

H. F. A. (Osterley).—"Husbands are uneasy as to the increasing price of feminine garments." Even a worm will squirm.

R. G. T. (St. Albans).—"There never was a woman who looked better wearing spectacles." Still they can see better.

T. N. B. (Folkestone).—"This money-lender is not English, he is a Finn." No wonder he's a shark.

R. N. (Margate).—"It is only since Christmas that mother has allowed me to carry a latch key." *Now* you're letting yourself in.

H. R. (South Mimms).—"My wife told me that I should send my complaint to the proper quarter." Well, that's a good tip from the better half.

G. J. (Newmarket).—"So far as Germany is concerned, I say let the past bury its dead." And what about Germany paying the funeral expenses.?

M. D. (Harrow).—"Clever people require plenty of fresh air." *Now* we know why we have to have the windows wide open.

H. R. L. (Ipswich).—"I can only afford a week's holiday this year." Never mind, win a *Bullets* Holiday Prize and go away for a month.

H. T. (Liverpool).—"You will find that most local scandal originates among the old hens attending chapels." Hence the cackle.

C. H. (Hove).—"He is the head clerk certainly, but to casual callers he likes to pose as one of the bosses." Likes to look ahead apparently.

K. R. S. (Benfleet).—"Mentally we cannot expect to become an A 1 nation under a C 3 educational system." Seem to have heard that B 4 somewhere.

R. T. (Hove).—"These new fancy 'buses don't look so very spic and span on a muddy day." Still they manage to make a splash.

R. K. D. (Willesden).—"The Scot stands alone." Certainly, according to repute, he very seldom stands if there's anybody with him.

O. B. (Streatham).—"The average popular actor doesn't take enough exercise to keep fit." Most of them prefer a long run to a short walk, anyhow.

M. H. (Bolton).—"The unemployed appear to put in too much time looking for winners." Whereas, of course, they should be looking for places.

R. O'C. (Hampstead).—"When London traffic is properly controlled there will be seats in public vehicles for all." Meanwhile we must just hang on.

KATE (Minehead).—"A man always looks smart if he wears bows for business." It is usually his home ties that make him look jaded.

A. M. T. (Derby).—"Although he is passably good-looking there is something about my fiancé's face that tickles me." Perhaps he doesn't shave often enough.

M. O. (Merton).—"I struck an acquaintance in a theatre and was asked home to tea." You must have made a big hit.

A. H. (Broadstairs).—"A woman usually dresses for the admiration of a man." And it is usually the man who pays for her charms.

B. T. O. (Lincoln).—"Whenever we go to the kinema I never explain any of the film plots to my fiancée." You evidently want to keep her in the dark.

H. C. D. (Kennington).—"A House of Commons cricket team has been formed." The batting talent should be brilliant—judging by the successful leg pulls of the M.P.s in their constituencies prior to the election.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

EVAN WILLIAMS:—The coalmining industry is safer than the average industry.

Last year there were 212,256 *men injured—and* 1,297 *killed.*

* * *

PRES. COOLIDGE:—Feeble righteousness amounts to but little.

Exactly: and America's lofty aloofness amounts to just that.

* * *

FRANK HODGES, M.P.:—It is a wonderful game we are playing.

It's a game all right, but it doesn't strike us as particularly wonderful.

* * *

DEAN INGE:—If I had the choice I should put back the date of my birth forty or fifty years.

Pessimism finds the modern world sterile soil, doesn't it?

VISCOUNT ST. DAVIDS:—Railways are the mainspring of trade.

Then it clearly follows that high fares and freights are bad business.

* * *

MR. C. M. WILLIAMS:—We have to try and teach people to be thrifty.

As a Guardian your duty is to relieve distress—not talk superior rubbish.

* * *

MR. BALDWIN:—We grumble, but we never worry.

The harassed taxpayer does the worrying while the politician looks on.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE:—Liberty is becoming old-fashioned and Liberalism is its only friend.

Political parties and liberty don't agree. A plague on all your houses!

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Your razor appears keener, does easier and cleaner work than you thought possible. Now feel your skin, smooth and velvety as a child's. Soothed and comforted, too, as if newly massaged with cold cream.

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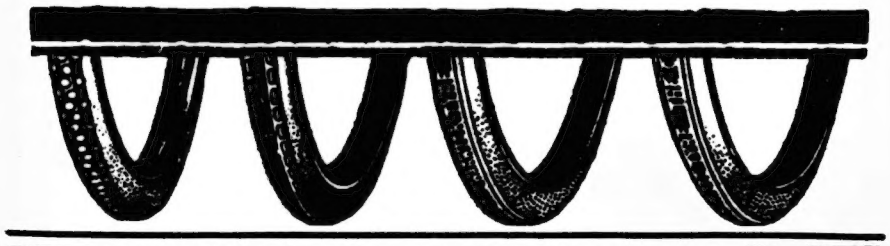

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LIFE ON EIGHTPENCE A DAY

Heroes of the War in Desperate Want

HOW would you face life on eightpence a day? That is the problem confronting one of Britain's war heroes who appealed to us for advice and assistance last week.

After spending the best years of his life in the service of his country, he was called up from the Reserve in 1914, and once more shouldered arms. Fighting in France side by side with men only half his age, he was twice badly wounded.

When, at last, he was discharged from the Army, he was a wreck of his former self. His wounds left him permanently disabled in body and distressed in mind. One of his legs is slowly withering.

All the consolation afforded him by his grateful country is a pension of eightpence a day for life!

What sort of life can he lead on such a miserable pittance? He has a wife, prematurely aged, and a baby, prematurely born. It is eight months old, and weighs only eight pounds. A special diet is necessary for this little weakling, and the father and mother have worked themselves to the bone, as the phrase goes, to provide it.

To add to their troubles, another child, a little girl, was knocked down by a motor-car and sustained a double fracture of the leg. She has just returned home from hospital, but for a long time to come she will have to hobble about on crutches, heavily handicapped for the household duties of which she formerly relieved her hard-working mother.

To complete the disaster, this disabled hero of the war has recently lost even the light work he was able to do, and the helpmate who has so loyally striven with him to make both ends meet is well-nigh distracted with anxiety.

Another case is that of an ex-Service man who received a small pension for eighteen months after being discharged as unfit for further service. The pension lapsed, and his appeal for its renewal was refused.

He is incapacitated for work, and all he receives is seven shillings a week national insurance benefit. He has a wife and child to support, and is not even in receipt of relief from the Guardians.

A third case is that of a well-educated young fellow who was nearly blown to pieces by a shell which burst at the entrance of a "pill-box" at Passchendale, where he was serving a machine gun. He is a capable clerical worker, but his nerves are so shattered that prospective employers look askance at him, fearing that he may break down, and he has experienced a long series of heartbreaking disappointments in his search of means of earning a livelihood. He has offered to work for £2 a week, which would be wealth compared with his miserable pittance of eight shillings, which is all the Ministry of Pensions pays him.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund has eased in a small measure the burdens of these poor heroes of the war. Help us to help others!

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to those needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

From a Working Woman, 10½d.; "Biddy," 5s.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; M. C., 5s.; Miner's Wife, 1s.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; J. Sambrook, 1s.; A. E. S., 10 per cent., 2s.; T. H. Bairds, 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; "Fresnoy" (Tipton), 5s.; S. Lawrence, 1s.; H. J. W. S., 3s.; Long Eaton, 1s.; E. Case (Salisbury), 5s.; Mrs. Victe, parcel; Mrs. A. Coles, 1s.; Alex Bennett (Aberdeen), 15s.; Anon., 3 parcels; Mrs. A. Gough, 1s.; J. Walsh, 3d.; W. J. (special case), £10; A. Roberts, 2s.; S. S. (D.-in-F.), 2s.; H. H. Downs, 5s.; W. C. H., 6d.; Harry Collins, 2s.; Ida Fisher, 6d.; "Hatsue," 6d.; Miner, 6d.; A. W. Morris, 6d.; J. T. N., 1s.; Anonymous, Notremig, 1s.; E. A. L., 2s.; Harry Ferguson, 1s.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; M. C., 5s.; Miner's Wife, 1s.; Mary Thompson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Peacock, parcel; "In Admiration of your Fund," J. N., 6d.; A Widow, parcel; "Fussie the Ninth," parcel; Sapper R. E., 6d.; A. Andrews, 5s.; "Ploughshare," 1s., 3d.; Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; "The 9th," 10½d.; L. and V. (Cardiff), 10s.; Uiala's Ninth," 2s. 3d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Old Clothes" (Kilburn), 5s.; "The Fund's Funds," 5s.; E. H., 6d.; W. A. B. (Aberystwyth), 10s.; H. E. May, 1s. 4d.; W. C. H., 6d.; W. D., 6d.; R. Edmunds (Edge Lane), 5s.; H. E. S. (Sarum), 2s. 6d.; Poult's 3 Weekly Ninths, 3s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "W.," £1; J. Reid, (Southsea), £1.

100 "BULLETS" PRIZE-WINNERS OF £1

J. Adams, 20, Waring St., Belfast; Miss E. Barwell, 27, Lowton Rd., Golborne, nr. Warrington; J. Berrington, 102, Olive Cottages, Hermitage Rd., Coalville, Leicester; G. Boyall, Eyebury, Eye, Peterborough; F. Boyde, 31, Brunswick Sq., Camberwell, S.E.; W. Bramley, 28, Lansdowne St., Burnley; H. E. Brandon, 5, Galliard Rd., Lower Edmonton, N.; A. Broadbent, 104, Marrivale Rd., Smethwick; W. F. Brodie, Kilmarnock Rd., Newton Mearns, nr. Glasgow; G. C. Bunyon, 28, Overton Rd., Brixton, S.W.; J. V. Candy, 3, Rookery Rd., Knowle, Bristol; P. Canevale, 5, Drumfrochar Rd., Greenock; C. D. Childs, Melbury Osmond, Dorchester; R. W. Clark, 84, Lucien Rd., Tooting, S.W.; P. Cooper, 7, Suffolk St., Norwich; H. Cowan, Probate Registry, Custom House, Belfast; B. Cox, 24, South View, Tantobie, Co. Durham; Miss E. Cree, Fire Station, Ardoyne, Belfast; N. Crowther, 26, Prince of Wales Terr., Scarborough; J. Curtis, 10, Salisbury Rd., Ipswich; Mrs. A. Dale, 4, Ruskin Av., Lincoln; H. Davies, Ynys-Las, Cymmer Rd., Glyncorrwg, Port Talbot; H. A. Deamer, 45, Lancaster Rd., Hitchin, Herts; M. Dunn, 10, Abbots Rd., Exeter; E. Dyer, 1, Mount Royal, Minehead, Som.; C. Etherington, Upper Froyle, Alton, Hants; C. Fenn, 35, Victoria Rd., Alexandra Park, London, N.; G. Forbes, 17, Campie Gdns., Musselburgh, nr. Edinburgh; A. V. Fry, 12, Sunflower Rd., Barnstaple, Devon; F. Geldeard, 46, Hasel St., Hasel Grove, Cheshire; A. Goddard, 39, Whitehall Rd., Thornton Heath; Mrs. A. Green, 122, Howson Rd., Brockley; J. Green, 48, Everton Rd., Liverpool; J. Harper, 25, Berrymead Rd., Acton Green, W.; J. W. Haythornthwaite, 76, Church St., Preston, Lancs; J. Haywood, 129, Exeter Rd., Exmouth; Miss D. Hegley, 64, Saunders St., Gillingham, Kent; A. H. Hickmott, Lotherton, Aberford, Leeds; F. Hilton, 40, High St., Cheadle, Cheshire; W. Hughes, 35, Victoria Rd., Bentley, Doncaster; Miss F. Houston, Quinville, Quin, Co. Clare; J. James, 2, Chelswell Rd., Grandpont, Oxford; W. J. James, 60, Bryn St., Brynhyfryd, Swansea; A. T. Jarvis, "Verna," Victoria Av., Westgate-on-Sea; F. Jones, 19, Trafalgar St., Pontymister, Risca, Mon.; T. Jones, 5, Pendarren St., Aberdare, Glam.; D. Kelly, 6, Gateside St., Hamilton, N.B.; E. Killeen, Lyndhurst, Shrewsbury Lane, Shooters Hill, S.E.; W. J. Kyte, Grove, Smalley, Derby; W. J. Lewis, 49, Maison Dieu Rd., Dover; Mrs. London, 61, Clifton St., St. Annes-on-Sea; W. G. Main, 20, South Av., Rochester; C. Mason, 95, Victoria St., Newtown, Wigan; F. C. Mathers, Moss Bay Offices, Workington; Mrs. C. May, 37, Union St., Portsea, Portsmouth; Miss A. E. Mays, 51, Wentworth Rd., High Barnet; Bdsm. A. Milligan, 2nd Norfolk Regt., Hyderabad Bks., Colchester; R. Mines, 3, Phillip's Row, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe; J. Minshull, 27, Castle St., Leeds; W. Moss, Essex Pl., Bourton-on-the-Water; A. McDermott, 86, Frithville Gdns., London, W.; A. McFarlane, 48, Cambridge Rd., Thornaby-on-Tees; J. Newton, 31, Eastland Rd., Yeovil; T. G. Olding, 70, Campbell Rd., Eastleigh, Hants; Mrs. H. Pettigrew, Douglas Hotel, Bo'ness; J. R. Phillips, 104, Stone Rd., Uttoxeter; Miss A. Pomfrey, 1, Moor Path, Luton, Beds; R. G. Reeve (indoor staff), 239, Borough High St., London, S.E.; W. Reid, 21, Whyte St., Lochgelly, Fife; J. J. Rennie, 13, Glen Av., Port Glasgow; L. T. Roberts, 87, College Av., Gillingham, Kent; A. Rudge, 1, Ivy Rd., Stirchley, B'ham.; H. Rudland, 60, Magdalen St., Colchester; F. J. Sanders, Loughrigg, South Molton; A. E. Seaward, 24A, Nene Parade, Wisbech; W. J. Shearn, 20, Wells Rd., Chilcompton, nr. Bath; J. Shuttleworth, 23, Marsh St., Wombwell, Yorks; C. Simpson, 97A, Gowthorpe St., Selby, Yorks; J. T. Smith, South Cockerington, Louth, Lincs; G. H. Steggals, 4, Quarters, Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, S.E.; W. Stephenson, 11, Northumberland Terr., Everton, L'pool.; C. R. Stone, Lower St., Erlestoke, nr. Devizes; Mrs. Thorley, 2, Canham Rd., South Norwood, S.E.; S. T. Timmins, Rough Hay Cott., Willenhall St., Darlaston, Staffs; Mrs. V. Townsend, Woodlands Cottage, nr. Beaconsfield; P. J. Vaughan, 16, Emorville Av., S. C. Road, Dublin; G. W. Waite, 65, Wood St., Barnet; Capt. L. W. Walsh, "Elmhurst," Cromer; F. Waite, 13, Howard St., Cardiff; Mrs. C. Watson, 59, High St., Bentley, Doncaster; F. H. Wells, 121, Chesterfield Rd., St. Andrews, Bristol; Mrs. E. Whatton, 11, Lomas St., Nottingham; J. White, Appleby, Scunthorpe, Lincs; E. Williams, 26, Hudson St., Accrington; E. Wilson, 43, Moorland Rd., Portsmouth; J. C. Wilson, 58, Market Pl., Malton, Yorks.; J. A. Wood, 14, Princess St., Jarrow-on-Tyne; W. L. Woolman, 7, Stanhope Rd., Blackpool; W. Wright, 30, Whitby Rd., Luton, Beds; M. Young, 18, Nutford Pl., Edgware Rd., London, W.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 521 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" WONDERFUL HOLIDAY OFFER!

100 PRIZES OF £1

2nd. Prize £250

FIRST PRIZE £1,000

3rd. Prize £100

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
5,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

4 Holiday Prizes of £25 each

10 Holiday Prizes of £20 each

20 Holiday Prizes of £10 each

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 521.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. G. HODGSON,
63, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W.

Example:—A BIG CROWD
Bullet:—SEEING BRIDEGROOM DOESN'T ESCAPE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. J. SCOTT, 22, Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example:—GOING ELSEWHERE
Bullet:—CHILD'S CONFIDENCE, TEEN CONFIDENCES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. A. KERR, 179, Main Street, Barrhead, N.B.
Example:—IGNORED
Bullet:—DETAIL CONSTABLE COULDN'T DOVETAIL.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. J. J. PARKINSON, 21, Avenham Road, Preston, Lancs.
Example:—IGNORED
Bullet:—DUMMY DIRECTOR—UNTIL CRASH.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. L. S. TAYLOR, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.
Example:—GIVING IN
Bullet:—SEVERAL PLACES, LABOUR'S PLATFORM.

10 Prizes of £5 each

C. WEST, 5, New Broughton, Brigg, Lincs.
SOONER THE BETTER—THE "LIMITATION OF ARGUMENTS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

C. MCWHINNIE, 32, Kingsland Road, Birkenhead.
THE MAN SHE HATES—SENTENCED HER BRUTAL HUSBAND.

R. C. MANSFIELD, 8, Junction Road, Bath.
SENSIBLE GIRL—AND BOY, PROLONG ENGAGEMENT.

N. JOHNSON, 127, Felbridge Road, Goodmayes, Essex.
OUR VISITORS—WELCOME—IF MISSUS INTERRUPTED.

J. D. CONNOLLY, Green Street, Dingle, Co. Kerry.
IGNORED—OR FOLLOWED, GIRL OFFENDED.

Mrs. C. JOHNSON, 4, Welbeck Street, Worksop.
A BIG CROWD—EMIGRATING, WERE JERUSALEM GOLDEN.

H. S. LAW, Boughton, Ollerton, Notts.
THE MAN SHE HATES—FLAPPER HASN'T MET YET.

A. DAY, 12, Beechville Avenue, Piccadilly, Swinton, Yorks.
A BIG CROWD—STRANGERS IN NEWRICH'S GALLERY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. L. THOMAS, 7, Longstone Road, Eastbourne.
SHOWING A SURPLUS—MAKING ENDS OVERLAP.

J. STAPLEY, 79, Old Tovil Road, Maidstone.
MAN AND WOMAN—SHE CAN'T BE BOTH.

10 Prizes of £2 10s.

Mrs. G. FINDEN, 25, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.
AT HIS DESK—OFFICIAL—DOCTOR ORDERED CHANGE.

E. METCALF, 25, Zachariah Street, Salford, Lancs.
QUESTION OF THE HOUR—WILL LABOUR MODERATION LAST?

E. W. EATON, 21, Portland Road, London, E.
MOTHER EARTH—REMOVED, MOTHER'S DARLING REVEALED.

A. JOSLING, 69, Fuller Road, Watford.
OUR VISITORS—WONDER WHAT WINTER'S LIKE.

T. MORLEY, 22, Albert Terrace, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent.
OUT IN THE STREET—SUDDENLY, CAN'T BLAME DRIVER.

Mrs. A. COLLINGHAM, 20, Conway Place, Harehills, Leeds.
MOTHER EARTH—OVERSLEPT HERSELF THIS YEAR.

Miss A. WILSON, 86, Ingham Street, Blackburn.
WHY HE WAS SACKED—DION'T MATTER—I WASN'T.

C. W. HOUSE, Maxdene, Queen's Road, Exeter.
A BIG CROWD—BUYING CARS—IN SELF-DEFENCE.

Mrs. F. ROSE, "Southleigh," Belgrave Road, Grosvenor, Bath.
THE NEW BUDGET—REMINDS COVENTRY OF GODIVA.

H. E. SMITH, 10, Wimbourne Road, Radford, Notts.
MAN AND WOMAN—WANTING SEPARATE PARLIAMENTS SOON.

"BULLETS" 81 Prize-winners in Competition No. 522 will be found on page 30.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 523

SEEING THE EMPIRE
FINISHING SCHOOL
ON DERBY DAY
WHY HE WAS SILENT
ON THE WATCH
THE HOME BUDGET
TRAVELLING EXPENSES
WORLD AND HIS WIFE
MY ADVICE
CHARGING TOO MUCH
HER FIRST
IN GLOWING COLOURS
ALADDIN'S LAMP
UNTAXED
IN OTHER LANDS
THE KEY
HOW TROUBLE BEGAN
DARK DEEDS
HALF THE BATTLE
PLEASANT READING
HAND OF FATE
MOTHER'S BOY
AT THE WICKET
MY GARDEN
LOST FOR WORDS
ACCORDING TO THE BOOK
HARMLESS
WHAT THE FLAPPER SAID
AT AN END
HIS MASTER
FOR ALL WE KNOW
RAY OF HOPE
LOVE AND HATE
INCREDIBLE
HER BEST FRIEND
NO SPORT
WHY SHE MARRIED
SILLY IDEA
WHAT CURED HIM
VERY SWEET

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed "and Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH *Bullet*:—"CAGED" WILL BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL *Bullet*:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC *Bullet*:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address coupons to "Bullets" No. 523, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2/-.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 1 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Robertson, 97, High Street Perth.

LAST WEEK OF THESE RECORD HOLIDAY PRIZES!

Ruptured?—
Throw Away Your Truss!

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you that the only truly comfortable and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance, and that it is

Sent on Trial to Prove It.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day, and we will send you our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day. It is well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

"Suffered for 60 years."

Glencoe Park, Dundee Road,
By Forfar.

Now I can testify that Mr. Brooks' Rupture Appliance has cured me within twelve months—I was bad for sixty years—and I would recommend everyone that has to wear a truss to go to Brooks Appliance Co. You are quite at liberty to use my words.

Yours faithfully,
WM. H. MANN.

"The Perfect Cure."

Lisomadawn, Mohill, Gorraugh,
Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words good enough to thank you for the perfect cure your Rupture Appliance has done in my case. I shall be delighted to recommend to any friend as a perfect cure.

Yours truly,
EDWARD REYNOLDS.

"Quite Cured—Now a Big, Bonny Boy."

High Street, Bildeston, Suffolk.

I beg to state that the Appliance I had for my little nephew has proved a great success: in fact, we believe he is quite cured. Since wearing the Appliance the rupture has never shown any sign of coming down. He was just a year old when we first put it on him; he is now 2½ years. We have left the Appliance off for days at a time, but he still keeps all right. I shall always recommend your Appliance. It has proved such a blessing.

Yours faithfully,
L. M. COOPER.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

"Cured—I am More Than Thankful."

Vine Cott., Sawston, near Cambridge.

It is the first time in my life that I have ever given anyone a testimonial, although the benefit I have received from wearing your Appliance compels me to do so. I can say that the Appliance does all that you claim for it. What brought on my hernia was a nasty, hacking cough. I suffered an immense lot of pain until one day I saw your advertisement in the "Christian World."

Since I purchased one I am more than thankful I did it. It has been a blessing to me, for my hernia has all disappeared, and I can do my work with pleasure, and do not feel any ill-effects from coughing, which used to cause me much pain. In fact, I could dispense with the Appliance altogether, but for the fact that it is so light and comfortable to wear.

I can recommend it to anyone who is afflicted with that unwelcome complaint. You are at liberty to use this letter as you please.—Yours faithfully,
F. WEBB.

TEN REASONS WHY

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to-day.

REMEMBER

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

If in London, call at our consulting-rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (1761a), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly.) .....

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